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MR. STANSFELD'S MOTION.

MR. STANSFELD'S motion derives its principal interest from the singular evolutions which Mr. DISRAELI has lately executed. The advocates of reduced establishments may fairly test the sincerity of their new and voluntary ally. The nominal leader of a numerous Opposition is worth catching in a division, even although his party obstinately refuse to follow him; and if Mr. DISRAELI devises some excuse for adhering to what may be called his former principles, the ultra-Liberals will at least enjoy the advantage of discrediting a rival candidate for popularity. On the other hand, Mr. BRIGHT's little section of the House would derive credit and consistency from the support of a professed candidate for office. It is possible that Mr. DISRAELI may seek to undo the effect of his Alderney vote by refusing to concur in an abstract resolution; and he may allege, with some plausibility, that the motion is injudiciously timed, and that he is not bound to assist the designs of a party with which he has no political connexion. He intended that the unattached economists should help him to a majority, and not that he should himself follow the guidance of an unfamiliar leader. It will, however, not be forgotten, that Mr. DISRAELI's recent speeches tended to the same purpose with Mr. STANSFELD's motion; for, on both occasions, the House was invited to condemn in gross the expenditure which it had recently sanctioned in detail. It remains to be seen whether the proposed reductions are, next Tuesday, to be recommended in connexion with any particular system of foreign policy. Mr. DISRAELI has the merit, though he contradicts himself and his party, of at least suggesting an intelligible policy of cheap pusillanimity.

Mr. HORSMAN's amendment puts the true issue fairly before the House. The question is, whether it has been expedient to reconstruct the navy, and to put the country into a condition of defence. It is highly probable that many things might have been done more cheaply, but the object of the motion is not to expose the errors of administrative departments, but to pledge the House of Commons to a general reduction of armaments. It is impossible to suppose that the Government will be censured for having acted in perfect concurrence with the wishes of the nation and the repeated decisions of Parliament. There is, fortunately, no popularity to be gained by a vote which would stultify all the proceedings of the last four or five years. The national determination to have done with panics is still unshaken, and Mr. DISRAELI's project of servile subservience to France has revived the prudent jealousy which declines all reliance on the forbearance of foreign Powers. Mr. HORSMAN judges wisely in limiting his approval to the present and the past; for it is wholly unnecessary that Parliament should pledge itself to any future scale of expenditure, instead of waiting to regulate its precautions with reference to the dangers which they are designed to meet. The peace which has been secured by costly preparation may perhaps render a smaller expenditure necessary hereafter. At this moment, there is apparently little risk of foreign aggression. Three years ago, the press of Paris teemed with projects of territorial conquest and revolution which could not have been even partially carried out except by a general war, and if England were to disarm, the world would again be disturbed by ambitious projects; but the amount of force which is necessary to secure the peace of the world depends on circumstances which are constantly changing.

The only Minister who has reason to deprecate the intended discussion is the singular champion of parsimony who is most immediately responsible for all the alleged extravagance of the public expenditure. Mr. GLADSTONE anticipated Mr. DISRAELI in his objection to outlay for military

purposes, although he has been honourably distinguished for his sympathy with the cause of Italian freedom. Mr. STANSFELD, and those who share his opinions, may, if they think fit, refer to numerous admissions that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thinks the Estimates which he has sanctioned excessive, and the taxes which he has imposed unnecessary. It will be easy to achieve a personal triumph over a fanciful and inconsistent statesman; but the great increase of defensive expenditure under Mr. GLADSTONE's financial administration is one of the most convincing proofs of the proposition which Mr. HORSMAN seeks to establish. If the need of increased or improved armaments had not been universally recognised, the repeated protest of the Finance Minister against the concession of his own demands on the House of Commons could not have failed to command attention. While the leader of the Opposition recommends national dishonour, and the chief orator of the Government deprecates an energetic policy, Lord PALMERSTON, with the full approval of Parliament, and with the all but unanimous concurrence of the country, perseveres in the practical assertion of the maritime superiority which even Mr. CORDEN approves in theory as the right and duty of England. The necessary preparations have been universally sanctioned in principle, and, since the Estimates and the Budget have been passed, they rest on the responsibility of the House of Commons, and no longer require apology from the Government. Parliamentary malcontents sometimes excuse themselves out of doors by alleging that it is useless to contend in Committee on the items of expenditure; but in voting a high Income-tax and a large duty on tea and sugar, the House virtually approves the purposes to which the produce of the taxes is to be applied. If it was determined that no efforts should be used to create an iron-plated fleet, a considerable reduction of the public burdens might be at once effected. It is not desirable largely to reduce the establishment either of the army or the navy; but the increase of outlay during the last few years is not so much due to the creation of a home army and a Channel fleet as to the reconstruction both of artillery and of ships. Sooner or later, the fleet will have been built, and the most effective guns, after innumerable experiments, will have been supplied to land and sea forces. When a house is once furnished, the upholsterer's bill ceases to be a periodical evil, although repairs and additions may still require a certain average outlay. The prospect of diminished taxation is gratifying in itself, and it is, fortunately, not contingent on any abstract Parliamentary resolutions. If it should be found that the average estimates of the next five years can be reduced by two or three millions, Mr. BRIGHT will be disappointed by finding that the greedy aristocracy of officers is not a considerable sufferer by the reduction. The great expenditure which is supposed to be a subject of complaint has not been incurred in the remuneration of admirals and captains, but in the purchase of iron and timber, in the employment of ingenious engineers, and in the payment of wages. The vampire lieutenant of political fiction has scarcely drained the lifeblood of the taxpayer more greedily than of old during the reconstruction of the fleet under two successive Administrations.

The Government will be able to point out a not inconsiderable saving in the Estimates of the present year. A reduction of a million in comparison with 1861, and of two millions in comparison with 1860, is not to be despised. The current expenditure of France is greater than that of England by one half, although Mr. CORDEN represents his own Government as unprecedentedly extravagant. The sum of 69,000,000*l.* is imposing, though not alarming; but a reduction of 4,000,000*l.* in a few years seems not to be impossible, and if it were accomplished, the Income-tax might

safely be reduced to 4*d*. Even on a less sanguine assumption, the country is able to bear whatever burdens its own necessities require. It is not for a great nation to adapt its expenditure to its available means, for a powerful and flourishing State can pay for whatever is the cost of self-defence and of maintenance in the first political rank. Mr. DISRAELI admitted that the economy which he recommended was only practicable on condition of abdicating the position which England has maintained in the councils of Europe; and no better proof could be given that, in the judgment of the leader of the Opposition, neither his own nor the present Government has been guilty of extravagance. Whatever is indispensable to the maintenance of English greatness and influence is an article of primary necessity. The House of Commons has, by repeated votes, included the recent armaments within the list of national wants and requirements.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

THE blind fury of all American parties against England is not pleasant to contemplate. It is said that even the South shares the animosity of its bitterest enemies against the former object of their common envy and dislike; but it is only known that the North has, since the first disruption, poured forth an unceasing stream of vituperation and menace against the unoffending Mother-country. It would be painful to think that any want of courtesy, of justice, or of consideration had furnished an excuse for the profligate attacks of Federalist orators and writers; but it is perfectly certain that no course which could possibly have been adopted would have averted the torrent of American malignity. If England had been a nation of BRIGHTS, even exaggerated partisanship would, with some reason, have been treated as a form of officious interference. The Confederates would have justly resented the gratuitous hostility of foreigners; and the New York papers would have classed English sympathizers with the domestic agitators who are from time to time accused as the real authors of secession. No student of the unsavoury literature of American journalism can doubt that an eager support of the Northern Government would have been ascribed to a selfish jealousy of slave-holding prosperity, and to a desire to foment an intestine quarrel. It would have been asked, not without plausibility, why aristocratic and monarchical England should suddenly have been impressed with enthusiasm for Republican institutions. The solution would have been sought in some imaginary plot for the ruin of the South, and for the establishment of the military despotism which is now thought, by some speculators, to be the probable result of the war. It would have been difficult for English apologists to explain an interference which could not have been defended on any political ground. If slave emancipation had been put forward as a pretext, it would have been urged that the Union still recognised slavery; and yet the unfortunate Englishman who confessed any doubt of the probability of abolition would have been stigmatized as an inhuman calumniator.

The indignation which would have been aroused if England had taken a side is by no means appeased by the most deliberate and consistent neutrality. Week after week the peaceable Mother-country is angrily informed that the time has come for abandoning an impartial position which can no longer be tolerated. The bystander is called upon to proclaim his opinion that, in the family quarrel, the stronger party is absolutely in the right. The English nation must, on pain of war, rejoice in the real or supposed victories of an army which is, according to general prognostication, to be directed against Canada as soon as its immediate task is accomplished. When self-denying generosity has achieved the rare triumph of sympathizing with a professed enemy, it will be further necessary to perform the difficult feat of adopting at the same time, with perfect unanimity, two directly antagonistic opinions. The Federal Government must be applauded for its intended abolition of slavery, and yet all advocacy of negro emancipation must be resolutely suppressed. It is difficult to say which class of American politicians hates England with the most ostentatious virulence. The shrill plaintiveness of Mrs. STOWE is more loudly echoed by Mr. HENRY BEECHER; and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS never addresses an audience in favour of abolition without a profession of hostility to England. It is true that the believers in the "high and holy" mission of the Federal armies form but a small minority of Englishmen; but it is hard on those who hope

against hope for immediate abolition to be repudiated by professed co-religionists in America. The philanthropist or Radical faction in the United States all but unanimously announces that the general scepticism of English politicians as to the intentions of the Federal Government will constitute a just cause of war on the first convenient opportunity.

The Democrats might have been expected to show a larger toleration for a mode of thought which is founded on a certain coincidence of opinion with their own. English writers have generally expressed a belief that the purpose of the war is to restore the Union, and not to emancipate the negroes. It is not, indeed, possible to reconcile the proceedings of different generals who think that their respective political prospects will be benefited by the support of either of the contending parties. The Democrat General BUTLER protects by martial law all property, including slaves. The Republican General HUNTER declares that slavery is incompatible with martial law, and he therefore summarily proclaims the freedom of the negro population. General FREMONT was temporarily superseded in the course of last autumn for issuing a similar proclamation, and the policy of the PRESIDENT himself has generally been conservative and prudent. The Democrats have every reason to be satisfied with the course of English opinion; but at present they are struggling to recover their lost power, and there is but one unfailing method of acquiring popularity in America. A base sycophancy to the worst passions of an ignorant rabble is perhaps combined, in the agitators who represent contending parties, with a real and habitual feeling of ill-will to England. When the Republicans are denouncing the assertion that the war is not one of abolition, their opponents might be left behind in the political race if they also were not ready to protest, in turn, against the sympathy of England with the cause of emancipation. A foolish and insolent writer actually demands that no further sympathy with abolition shall henceforth be expressed. It was penal to doubt that Northern success was identified with the liberation of the negro, and it is not less dangerous to think that, nevertheless, slavery may be, to a certain extent, an evil.

If American politicians were capable of understanding anything beyond the limits of their own country, they would perceive, once for all, that Englishmen are not to be frightened into silence. Free discussion of current events is one of the privileges which would be worth fighting for if it were seriously menaced. All other countries, all other political occurrences, have been publicly debated, if not without offence, at least without impertinent interference. For nearly a century Englishmen have sympathized with Poland, and yet Russia has never proposed to resent their judgment by arms. Although the great majority of the community wish well to Italy and to Hungary, there is no rumour of war with Austria. As long as the Americans illustrate great principles by their dissensions and disasters, their proceedings will occupy the attention of English observers; and it is, indeed, highly probable that they would be still more indignant if the remarkable events of the last year had scarcely been thought worthy of notice. The bluster which is encouraged by the existence of an enormous army and an unopposed navy will in no degree influence the conduct of England. Even if it were consistent with the national character to submit to insulting dictation, no spirit of subservience can produce simultaneous compliance with two opposite demands. To conciliate at the same time the Republicans and the Democrats, it would be necessary to move in a perpetual cycle of contradictions.

The best proof that the American clamour is not occasioned by the conduct of England is to be found in the servile acquiescence of all parties in the proceedings of France. When the French Commander in the Mississippi threatened Commodore FARRAGUT with the vengeance of his Government, his protest was received without remonstrance. The visit of the French Minister to the Confederate headquarters received a studiously favourable interpretation, and finally the policy of the Emperor NAPOLEON in Mexico is almost popular in the United States, because it is supposed to be distasteful to England. The pressure which has been exerted by France with a view to open the blockaded ports has never caused a feeling of irritation against the Emperor NAPOLEON; and it was not to be expected that the steady resistance which it encountered in this country would produce the smallest feeling of good-will to England. The vulgar hatred which is felt by all parties, and which is expressed even more strongly than it is

felt, is neither to be conciliated nor greatly to be feared. Notwithstanding the eager spite of the American correspondents in London and Paris, England is not yet entirely dwarfed by the greatness of France, and it has no reason to fear the Northern Federation. The quarrel will probably be averted, not because it is absolutely groundless, but because it would be dangerous to the aggressor.

HOSPITALITY TO FOREIGNERS.

IT is impossible to repress a feeling of pity for the Frenchmen whom duty or curiosity have condemned to spend a summer in London. London is so little accustomed to the honour of a visit from any large body of respectable foreigners that there are no facilities whatever for their entertainment. Like an ugly young lady, London is disagreeable because it has never been admired. No one who can help it, on ordinary occasions, is willing to exchange the gay atmosphere of Paris for our grey sky and dingy streets. No supply of entertainment has sprung up because no demand for it has arisen. If Frenchmen of the better class are ever driven here by business, they are animated by too keen a desire to get away again to have any leisure for enjoyment. London has therefore always received them with the surly civility of the keeper of a sponging-house, who is thoroughly aware how reluctantly his hospitality is claimed, and is determined to extract a full consideration for it, while he can. For a certain kind of Frenchmen, indeed, the provision is more ample. The neighbourhood of Leicester Square is adorned with a number of hotels with French names, as well as with sundry retreats over which, in cruel derision, the cherished title of *Café* has been inscribed. The police reports also reveal the existence of amusements of a more exciting character, which appear to cluster naturally and to be fostered genially round the French quarter. M. ASSOLANT has recorded the feelings with which the entertainment thus provided is welcomed by the kind of Frenchmen he represents. It is easy to imagine how it is regarded by the more fastidious classes of his fellow-countrymen. Yet, if a Frenchman is dissatisfied with the caricature of French cookery he can procure in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, and is not inclined to digest the trying dainties by passing his evening at the *Poses Plastiques*, he might almost as well be in Japan. Unless he is very well armed with introductions, he is shut out by an insuperable barrier from the society of his equals in education and refinement.

It is quite right, therefore, that the fashionable population of this city should have been lectured, as they have been, upon the duties of hospitality. Numbers of unlucky Frenchmen depend on them for the only possible mitigation of the sufferings of their sojourn. Some of the Clubs have done something by opening their doors to a very few "distinguished foreigners;" and the great people deserve all praise who have meekly responded to the lectures they have received by filling their drawing-rooms with a polyglot host of exhibitors and jurors. Yet our pity for the poor foreigners is not appeased. The drawing-rooms are better, no doubt, than Leicester Square; but we cannot dispel a misgiving whether the science of enjoyment as developed among ourselves will entirely commend itself to our foreign guests. There is no doubt that English people are passionately fond of that species of diversion which is indifferently known by the names of "drum," "party," "at home," "squeeze," or "crush." Its popularity is best proved by its efficacy as a weapon of political warfare. No one, however rudimentary his knowledge of our glorious Constitution may be, but is aware of the meaning of "the social screw," and knows how closely and quickly the drawing-room reacts upon the lobby. The political history of our age will never be thoroughly understood till the time shall come when certain division lists and certain visiting lists can be published in chronological order, and in parallel columns. And the Englishman's enjoyment depends not so much on the quality of these entertainments as on their size. Just as he has got the biggest ship, and wished to have the biggest obelisk in the world, so his happiness is to be invited to the largest and most crowded squeeze. In fact, if at any time in the course of the evening he can see his own legs, he thinks it a dull and poverty-stricken entertainment. But in the enthusiasm with which we plunge into this national pastime, we forget how it may appear to those who are not to the manner born. No German can understand that we don't like eating our tart between two courses

of meat. No Spaniard can realize to himself that the sweet savour of garlic is unacceptable to our nostrils. With these instances of self-delusion before us, we must admit the possibility of our overrating the charms of our own special kind of entertainment. In fact, our own enjoyment depends very much on peculiarities in our national character and condition. There is something very soothing and gratifying in getting into the *queue*, and passing a quarter of an hour in driving up by slow and intermitting jerks to the door. Human nature loves processions; but, for reasons of State and piety, we have discarded them, and consequently this is the nearest thing to a procession we ever get. But it is possible that those who are accustomed to processions of a more lively character may not like it so much. Then, the struggle at the door with the policeman—who, as a matter of form, to show his vigilance, always insists that every guest is getting out the wrong way, and must take another turn of a quarter of an hour to right himself—is gratifying to our national combativeness. But, to a Frenchman who is accustomed to look on a policeman with respect, the struggle must be very painful; and many of them, no doubt, yield humbly rather than maintain it, and spend their evening in being perpetually sent back again to the end of the *queue*. Then, to English people there is something very exciting in getting up the staircase. In the face of the opposing masses who are descending, the enterprise has very much the character of a forlorn hope; or to an Alpinist it may present itself as the ascent of a slippery glacier against the superincumbent pressure of a snowy avalanche of tarlatan. But we know that Frenchmen do not like Alpine feats, and Belgians and Americans do not like forlorn hopes. The English party arrives smilingly at the top, braced with the muscular effort and the consciousness of successful exertion. Their French friends follow them, hot and dragged, oppressed with a dread, almost amounting to certainty, that some of their sorely-tried apparel must have given way, and pantingly pouring forth apologies for the gowns they have torn in the ascent. Once on the top, they dash into that slight breach in the compact wall of humanity which indicates the position of the hostess. The Englishman plunges into the crowd, and betakes himself at once, with joyous energy, to the national amusement of shaking hands. Sometimes he adds one sentence of greeting, sometimes two, often none at all. So he progresses through the rooms in an intense state of social enjoyment, as fast as a dense barricade of steel hoops will permit him. The pleasure is too violent to last long. What with the exercise of incessant salutation, and what with the capers he is constantly called upon to perform in order to save himself from fouling the steel rigging of some iron-cased beauty, the strain upon his muscular powers is considerable; and when, after half-an-hour of this gratifying occupation, he and his wife emerge at the other door, they are well content to repose for half-an-hour upon a bench in the hall until the arrangements of the police permit the carriages that are wanted to come up. He goes home with the happy consciousness that he has done a duty, and with the soothing reflection that several persons are less likely to forget his existence than they were half-an-hour before. But this is not a Frenchman's ideal of social enjoyment. Time enough to elaborate at least half-a-dozen compliments, elbow-room for moderate gesticulation, rear-room enough to make a bow without collision, and space in general to see and admire the *toilettes ravissantes* around him, are elementary necessities to him; and these are precisely what he will not find at those magnificent entertainments in which great English ladies kill off their whole visiting list at a single blow. We cannot avoid, therefore, a lingering doubt whether all these well-meant efforts for the entertainment of foreigners will really redound to our national credit. They will only go away with the conviction that there are things in England duller even than an English Sunday, and that English *tristesse* is light and frolicsome compared to English gaiety. It would have been better to leave the pleasures of English hospitality in all the enchantment of inaccessible distance. If they had known less of it, they would have thought of it much more. It would have been far wiser to shroud it in the magnifying halo of the unknown. For the social intercourse of Frenchmen and Englishmen must, speaking generally, always be a polite diplomatic fiction. It is obvious that the people who show their love of society by conversing with each other, and those who show their love of it by squeezing each other, can never appreciate each other's social tastes.

THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

THERE are still several of the most liberal and accomplished statesmen of France who look with surprise on the relation of this country to the Roman Catholic Church. How is it, they ask, that the one nation which never knows revolutions is perpetually animated with inexplicable hatred towards the one great institution which protects the Continent against the revolutionary spirit? It is evident that the same reflection has passed through some minds in England, and that Mr. DISRAELI, who is emphatically a politician of the Continental type, sees no obstacle to an alliance between the avowedly Conservative section of the nation and the solid phalanx of Roman Catholics in Ireland. But to those who have any real understanding of English feeling there is one permanent reason why English Conservatism and Irish Romanism can never honestly coalesce. The truth is that, as seen by Englishmen, the Roman Catholic Church is an openly demagogic institution. Enthusiastic Catholics, like M. DE MONTALEMBERT, have always had an especial tenderness towards Ireland and Poland, because they supposed those two countries to furnish perpetual proof that the Church is not necessarily hostile to liberty. It does not seem to have occurred to them that, so far at least as concerns Ireland, there may be proof that the Church is positively friendly to anarchy. It has always been the peculiar attitude of Roman Catholicism in Ireland which has produced the inconsistencies of English conduct towards the Roman Catholic Church. At the beginning of the century, a No-Popery cry carried everything before it in this country, at a time when English diplomacy would have been perfectly ready to offer an asylum in England to the POPE when French bayonets should drive him from his city. The anomaly is, of course, explained by the near affinity which the POPE's coreligionists in Ireland bore to the very Power which was insulting him in his own States. At the present moment, England is more Conservative than she has been for thirty years; but, if M. GUIZOT or M. DE MONTALEMBERT wish to understand why this condition of feeling in England contains no ingredient of tenderness for Roman Catholicism, they may be recommended to read the Resolutions which the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops have just made public. The Resolution on secret societies and agrarian crimes is the most significant of the series.

There never was a better time for inviting the attention of Frenchmen to Ireland. Now, if ever, they will understand the disgust and horror awakened from time to time in England by Irish occurrences, and they will see why, not to speak of sympathy, it sometimes becomes hard to give Ireland even justice. The victim of the most terrible of recent atrocities in that country was a Frenchman. As regards him, at all events, all the favourite theories of the Continent concerning Ireland give way altogether. The theory of despair produced by religious persecution collapses, for he was a Catholic. The theory of an indelible antagonism of race falls to the ground, for he was of Celtic blood. The theory of proprietary oppression does not serve, for he was a kind landlord. The murder was simply the cruel, cowardly, cold-blooded assassination of a man who asked, after ample delay, for the barest rights which the law allowed him. This point being established, the next conclusion on which a French observer must be forced is that what would seem to be the natural instinctive detestation of the crime is not shared in or encouraged by the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. At first, we must admit, it appeared to be otherwise. We all heard with some surprise, but with great satisfaction, that the Roman Catholic clergy of M. THIEBAULT'S neighbourhood had expressed their horror of his murder. But read the resolution in which the assembled Roman Catholic prelates have expressed the feelings occasioned in their breasts by this and other outrages. Even if its conclusion were omitted, it would be a singularly cold and inadequate condemnation of a breach of the divine law in one of its most fundamental articles. Taken, however, with the reservation at the end, it can scarcely be described as anything but an apology for—it might almost be said, a provocation to—assassination. The Bishops disapprove of murder, and of affiliation to secret societies which produce murder, but they are “not insensible to the sufferings” which have provoked these little irregularities. What are those sufferings but the necessity of obeying the law and paying rent for land? Grant, however, that Mr. MAGUIRE is right and Sir ROBERT PEEL wrong as to the existence of distress in Ireland, is the language of these prelates justifiable? Such is the nature

of the Irish peasant that nothing but the strongest denunciation of his characteristic offences by the ministers of his religion will prevent his committing them. Not only do the Bishops abstain from such denunciation—they adopt a form of phrase which, in the mouth of functionaries with far less solemn duties, and wielding a far slighter moral influence, would be regarded as a direct encouragement of the acts they are called upon to put down. When a very ignorant English peasant is driven to desperation by hard times, he sometimes takes to burning ricks. What would be thought of an English judge who, in sentencing a prisoner for rick-burning, were to expatiate on the low wages paid by landlords in his county? It may safely be said that an address from Parliament would remove him from the Bench before many months were over. Perhaps Ireland is the only country in the world in which religious dignitaries consider themselves justified in holding a laxer language on the subject of crime—and that crime murder!—than is expected from civil functionaries and judicial officers.

To those who have moderately just ideas of the tone expected from powerful religious authorities on elementary points of morality, it is idle to discuss those other resolutions of the series in which a denominational system of Irish education is demanded in the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. We need not hesitate to assert that the Resolution on agrarian outrage has destroyed that chance of gaining their point which the Bishops had obtained through the balanced state of parties and the reckless policy of the men at the head of one of them. It has indeed been whispered, we know, that the concession of this claim is to be the great stroke by which Roman Catholic votes are to be bought in Ireland, without sacrificing the support of the Protestant Episcopalians. It must be conceded that the chiefs of the Protestant interest in Ireland are not easily disgusted, and that their continued demand for the denominational system shows the tenacity with which they maintain watchwords which have quite lost their meaning. There is some evidence, however, that they are beginning to see where their true advantage lies, and that they perceive the significance of the hostilities declared by the Romanist prelates against the National system. It seems that the only concession they now require, as the condition of sending children to the National Schools, is that teachers should be allowed to appeal to the Bible as an authority against lying and stealing. So says Sir H. CAIRNS, and though the demand is a singular one, inasmuch as the articles of the moral code referred to are among the few which require no sanction from religion, yet there can be no valid reason against allowing it. In fact, the Bishop of KILLALOE stated the other night that the Board of Education had long since conceded the point. Certainly nobody is just now inclined to object to Irish teachers strengthening the authority of the Ten Commandments by all the confirmations they can give to them. It is satisfactory to find that there is at any rate one religious body in Ireland which is careful for the rules which are the foundations of morality. There is, we fear, a hopeless divorce in that country between religion and the charities of life; but, till the Roman Catholic Bishops published their resolutions, we had no idea that any one, even of Irish forms of belief, had separated itself from the alphabet of ethics.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE defeat of the Federal flotilla at Fort Darling may perhaps tend to awaken the Northern population from premature dreams of conquest. Even the previous accounts from America, after reasonable allowances for the uncertain authenticity of official news, seemed on the whole favourable to the Confederates. The retreat from Yorktown had previously determined the fate of Norfolk, which was entirely separated from the principal seat of war. The town, with the navy yards of Gosport and Portsmouth, was evacuated without loss, after all the stores, docks, and vessels had been completely destroyed. The garrison retired, without sacrificing a man, to join the main army, and the Virginia no longer holds the Federal flotilla in check. On the road to Richmond the Confederates retreated slowly and in perfect order, after inflicting severe loss on the pursuers both at Williamsburg and at West Point. The Federal generals have advanced in a week five-and-thirty miles, without gaining any advantage over the enemy; and the party which is deliberately falling back may be considered to have succeeded, whenever another day

has been gained with little loss of ground, and without a battle. It is not known whether the Confederates are strong enough to face at the same time the main army under M'CLELLAN, and the divisions which are moving from the Potomac on Richmond. General M'DOWELL is not reported as having crossed the Rappahannock, and FREEMONT and BANKS appear still to be retarded either by the resistance of the Southern army or by the want of roads and supplies. If a battle takes place before Richmond, the result will go far to determine the issue of the campaign. It is evident, however, that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS can, at his pleasure, withdraw southward, if he is forced to sacrifice the capital. There must be regions in the interior where gun-boats cannot always be ready to decide a contest between contending armies. The Virginians are naturally unwilling to see themselves abandoned by their countrymen, but there is not the least probability that their disappointment will revive their former attachment to the Union. At Norfolk, as at New Orleans, the Northern garrisons are treated as foreign invaders; and the general love for the Federal armies will not be increased if they take possession of Richmond.

The news from the West is still less satisfactory to the partisans of the Federal Government. General HALLECK is still, at the end of four weeks, in the neighbourhood of the position which BEAUREGARD occupied after the battle of April 6. One of his brigades or divisions has been defeated under General POPE, in one of those singular combats which the Federal reporters delight to describe. It is impossible to know what really took place, except that the Northern troops lost the battle; but it may be confidently asserted that the semi-official report is absurdly false. Twenty thousand men are said to have driven General POPE over a stream after a conflict of five hours, during which the usual brilliant charges with the bayonet were, according to the common form, accomplished by the Federal troops; yet at the close of the day the beaten party had lost only thirty killed and seventy wounded. It is barely possible that the loss may have been correctly stated, but in that case the forces engaged must have been extravagantly exaggerated. It is by no means probable that a trifling skirmish with a loss of a hundred men would have been published, when it was necessary to admit that the advantage had rested with the enemy. The official statement that General HALLECK had ordered his officers to avoid a general engagement seems to indicate an inferiority of force, for it might otherwise have been his best policy to tempt the enemy out of his works by reinforcing General POPE, and by bringing on a regular battle. The attack by the Confederate gunboats on Commodore FOOTE's flotilla equally requires elucidation. The loss on both sides seems to have been nearly equal; but the Federalists can well afford to exchange vessel for vessel with their opponents. It is difficult to understand how the Confederates can maintain their hold on the Mississippi since the capture of New Orleans. The seas and the rivers will soon belong exclusively to the Northern forces; and it only remains to be seen what may be the fate of the contending armies.

The interior of the country is large enough to defy invasion, but its means of feeding and supplying armies are but little known. The best proof that BEAUREGARD has some basis of operations behind him is to be found in the continued existence of his army. It is certain that the Confederates must still have resources at their command, but there are no means of estimating even the numbers of their main body. The force which occupied Yorktown was estimated in Washington as amounting to more than 100,000 men, and it is also with equal confidence alleged to have numbered 15,000. General BEAUREGARD has probably a large army at his command, especially since he has been reinforced by LOVELL and PRICE; yet it is hard to believe that 300,000 men on both sides have been collected in the remote neighbourhood of Corinth. The sole authors of news are tempted to overstate their own strength by vanity, and to attribute fabulous numbers to their enemies as an excuse for their own failures, and as a prospective enhancement of the merit of success. "The largest army which the world has ever seen," requires a large army on the other side to keep it in countenance.

If two or three weeks still pass without the occurrence of any decisive event, the confidence which intoxicates Washington and New York will perhaps show symptoms of collapsing. The press boasts of the triumphs which have hitherto been won, almost in the absence of opposition, and even prudent men, who deprecate unseemly exultation, assume the attainment of brilliant victories,

which only exist in the popular imagination. Since the beginning of the war, the Federals, notwithstanding their superiority in numbers and equipment, have never defeated any considerable body of Southern troops in the field without the aid of gunboats. Even in the latest period of the campaign, the Confederates have generally had the best in the occasional conflicts which have taken place. At West Point, General FRANKLIN only saved himself by falling back, under cover of the inevitable gunboats. At Williamsburg, the Confederate army fought to secure its retreat, and accordingly it retreated without molestation. Wherever a vessel can float on a river uncommanded by forts the Federal power is irresistible, nor can it be doubted that Mobile and Charlestown will share the fate of New Orleans. The army has hitherto performed no considerable feat, and perhaps its generals may still find themselves unable to force on a battle. If the Confederate President can withdraw his army without loss, and if he can afterwards keep it together, any portion of Virginia which may have been conquered by the invaders will be held by a precarious tenure. It is admitted that if BEAUREGARD defeats HALLECK, Tennessee will once more be lost, and on the whole it would seem that the prevailing excitement is premature.

After the army there is nothing of which the North is at present so proud as of its financial condition, or, in other words, of its debt. Unlimited paper money and endless borrowing have staved off, thus far, the bankruptcy which every new fiscal success renders more absolutely certain. The pretence of paying for the luxury of conquest has almost been abandoned. There are no taxes, there is no revenue beyond the needs of a peace establishment, and no one has yet consciously contributed a shilling to the expenses of the gigantic war. There are three courses open to a nation or an individual on entering upon an expensive undertaking. The necessary funds may be provided at once, or they may be borrowed and afterwards repaid, or the debt which was incurred may never be paid at all. The Federalists at present, perhaps, intend to meet their obligations at some indefinite period, but they have no distinct purpose of subjecting themselves, even in the future, to the taxes which they deprecate at present. All things are made pleasant by postponing the evil day, and it will be easy, as long as the public credit lasts, to pay the interest of loans with borrowed money. When the bills come due, the loss will perhaps chiefly fall on the national creditor. It is not easy to impoverish a great and wealthy country, and the process of cheating fundholders is, at worst, a matter of account. The corn and the horses, the coals, the guns, and the ships which are consumed, will in due time be replaced, but a Government which has not paid its debts will scarcely be able to commence another system of borrowing. The Americans, who are now boasting of their irresistible military power, will perhaps discover in time that they are crippling the future action of their Government by destroying public credit. The debt, whether it is acknowledged or repudiated, will be a valuable security for the peace of the world.

THE SPITHEAD FORTS.

IT is somewhat singular that the various events of the last few months have left the controversy between forts and ships almost exactly in the position in which it stood at the date of the previous report of the Commissioners. It was more than hinted, by the opponents of the fortification scheme, that the Commissioners to whom the inquiry was sent back were too far committed to form an unbiassed opinion; but we think it will be admitted that the report which has just been issued deals candidly enough with a question on which there is undoubtedly much to be said on both sides. The highly practical experiments which the Americans have been good enough to make for our enlightenment have largely added to our information as to the comparative power of iron and wooden vessels; but they have not done very much to solve the problem as to the best method of defending Portsmouth. The brilliant passage of the Mississippi forts came nearer than anything else to a crucial experiment; but so far as can be gathered, the success of that dashing affair was due quite as much to the speed with which the obstructions were carried away as to any supposed invulnerability of the ships engaged. Most of them, in fact, seem to have been mere wooden ships with an extemporized armour formed of their own chain cables; and the engagement proves little more than was known before — namely, that it is very difficult to destroy a fleet passing at full speed within range of a fixed

battery. Even this teaching is to some extent balanced by the successful resistance of the James River forts to the iron-cased gunboats of the Federal Navy. The Commissioners in their earliest report fully admitted the uncertainty of such conflicts, and never pretended that the forts which they recommended would absolutely and alone bar the passage into Portsmouth Harbour. The essence of their report was that forts and iron ships combined would afford a more effective defence than either forts or ships alone; and we cannot see either that the conclusion was unsound at the time, or that anything which has since happened has materially affected it. It is true that additional proofs have been given of the power of armour-cased vessels, but it is equally true that the power of artillery has progressed at least as fast, and that the probabilities of the moment are rather in favour of the gun than the ship. We have not yet made a ship, or even a target, which is absolutely invulnerable at short ranges, and we are not yet in possession of a gun which will penetrate a *Warrior* at 1,000 yards. The main question which the Commissioners have had to consider is, whether the improvement of artillery or of defensive armour is likely to prove the more rapid; and upon all the data at present available, the gun must be considered as the favourite for the race.

Sir W. ARMSTRONG'S evidence is especially valuable, because it conveys, not the mere random hopes of a sanguine inventor, but the fair inferences to be drawn from scientific principles, established both by theory and practice. We know that the measure of the penetrating power of a shot is the product of the weight and the square of the velocity. Within a certain margin of error, we know also by experiment the rate at which a ball of given shape will part with a given initial velocity. Nothing, therefore, is easier than to say beforehand how much initial velocity must be given to a rifled ball (say) of 600 lbs. in order to penetrate the *Warrior* target at 1,000, 2,000, or any other number of yards. Further than this, experiment has determined pretty clearly how much powder is requisite to project a ball of known weight with any required velocity. Reasoning on these settled data, Sir W. ARMSTRONG furnished the Commissioners with a probable scale of efficiency of guns of different calibre, used at different ranges. The result is, that to pierce the *Warrior* at 1,000 yards with a 300 lb. spherical shot would require a charge of 80 lbs. of powder—that the same effect would be produced with a 300 lb. rifled shot with a charge of 50 lbs.—and that 46 lbs. of powder would suffice to give the requisite velocity to a 600 lb. rifled shot. The question, therefore, whether the Spithead Forts could command the whole distance between them turns simply upon whether cannon can be constructed of the strength and dimensions proposed. As to the practicability of doing this the Commissioners entertain no doubt whatever. Already a gun has been built to carry a spherical shot of 150 lbs. with a charge of 50 lbs. of powder; and the same gun, when rifled, will admit a shot of double the weight, though it would probably not be strong enough to bear quite so heavy a charge as it has done when used as a smooth bore. Still, this is a very near approach to the required conditions, and Sir W. ARMSTRONG speaks confidently of another gun, which, if he succeeds in completing it, will have sufficient size and strength to throw a projectile of 600 lbs. weight through the side of the *Warrior* at a range of 3,000 yards. Something much less than this would suffice to give the proposed forts more than all the efficiency which was expected from them when the scheme was first designed; and it is very material to bear in mind that any future progress in artillery will tell exclusively in favour of fixed defences. We must nearly have reached, if we have not already arrived at, the limit beyond which the weight of naval artillery cannot be increased—at any rate, in sea-going ships. The 22-ton gun, which is now in progress, and, indeed, almost any gun whatever, might be handled with the utmost facility on a fort provided with proper machinery, but it has not yet entered into the dreams of naval architects to build ships capable of bearing an armament of such monster guns as these.

Looking, therefore, to all the probabilities of the case—and, after all, it is on probabilities that the course of action must be decided—we do not see how the Commissioners could have come to any other conclusion than that at which they have arrived. The result has proved the prudence of their first admission that neither forts nor ships, nor even the two combined, will make an absolutely impassable barrier. A fleet may run past the most formidable forts, if it is lucky, with comparatively small damage. So also it seems clear enough

that armour-cased ships may force their way through a channel defended by similar vessels, even without the preliminary process of destroying the defending fleet. But the great strength of the combination of fixed and floating defences is this—that the one would form a secure basis for the operations of the other, and that an enemy who passed the entrance to Spithead would be almost certain to be battered and butted and shelled to death before he had been long in a position from which the dockyard would be assailable. A third mode of defence, by obstructing the passage by a boom or raft, is but lightly touched upon by the Commissioners. It would obviously be a matter of extreme difficulty to boom a channel of a mile or two in width; and probably nothing short of a permanent obstruction like that erected by the Russians at Sebastopol, would do more than cause delay to an invading squadron. The real value of a boom is to keep an enemy's fleet under a concentrated fire long enough to ensure its destruction; and the proposed forts would be even more essential to this plan of defence than to any other. After all the sifting which the subject has undergone, no one has devised a system of defence which would be more efficient than the much canvassed fortifications; and it is not certain that the fleet of cupola ships and batteries, which might be an equivalent in strength, would not also be more than equivalent in cost, independently of the loss of naval power which would be caused by absorbing in the protection of dockyards a large force of seamen who might otherwise be doing more valuable service on an enemy's coasts.

JUSTICE IN FRANCE.

THERE are many awkward stories floating about us to the way in which justice has lately been administered in France, and the audacious interference of the Government and its functionaries in the decisions pronounced. The famous MIRÈS case is much the most signal instance of this alleged interference, but it is by no means the only one. There are many things said and repeated in France which cannot be printed, and which remain in that vague region of uncertainty in which it is so hard to distinguish truth from scandal. But it is seldom that any scandal is so widely spread, and so universally accepted, as the scandal of the MIRÈS judgment. The ordinary Frenchman is as convinced that the very highest authority warped the decision of the judges to save MIRÈS, as he is convinced that the Channel separates Dover and Calais; and he is equally sure that this interference, which was long refused, was only exercised at the last moment, to save one of the EMPEROR'S oldest associates and highest Ministers. M. MIRÈS, it is said, had things to reveal which M. DE MORNY judged it to be in the highest degree inexpedient to have revealed; and—so the story goes—M. DE MORNY at last prevailed on the EMPEROR to let it be intimated to the Court of Cassation at Douai, to which M. MIRÈS had appealed, that any interpretation of the law favourable to M. MIRÈS would be welcome in the highest quarters. French lawyers are ingenious, and most judges can bring things round to their own way of looking at a matter if they have a mind. But the Court of Cassation had to swallow a rather hard pill, and to make a formal decision which they must have been aware would be sure to startle the French bar. M. MIRÈS' alleged offence was this. He had opened an account with any one who chose to use his services, M. MIRÈS receiving shares and other securities, and lending a sum on them. This sum was carried to the account of the customer and interest charged, while, on the other side, credit was allowed for the dividends on the securities. When times were good, M. MIRÈS sold a great portion of these securities and pocketed the proceeds; then, when a bad time came, he wrote to his customers to announce that he had sold them at the then low price, and thus he practically cleared the difference between the high and the low price. It would obviously have been much simpler if he had bought back the securities at a low price, and said nothing about the transaction. But apparently he had not the means to do this, and what he really wanted was to reduce his responsibility to the lowest amount he could. The Court below pronounced that he had been guilty of fraud. The securities were entrusted to him to keep, and not to sell, and even if he had power to sell them when he did, he ought not to have defrauded his customer of the balance obtained by selling at a favourable moment. There were so many angry victims of this system, and public attention was so fixed on the trial, that the EMPEROR even went out of his way to pledge the Government to a

vigorous and honest prosecution. It is probable, however, that M. MIRÈS never expected to be condemned; and after his condemnation he is said never to have lost heart, and to have asserted that it was impossible he should finally have to bear the punishment allotted to him. The disclosures he was prepared to make, if M. DE MORNY was not sufficiently active in saving him, would be sure to produce the desired effect. He was saved; and the French, who are accustomed to all sorts of Government interference, and who have not a very high notion of the dignity and integrity of judges, were shocked at so very startling an instance of what a man can do when he has friends at court. We repeat that we in England cannot possibly have any means of knowing that this story is true, but we know that it is accepted in France as a notorious fact. Curiously enough, the wonder expressed is always at the order to save MIRÈS being given, and not at its being obeyed. Everyone seems to accept it as a matter of course that, if the judges of a supreme court of appeal are told how the EMPEROR wishes them to decide, they will decide as he wishes. It is thought to be overbearing and indiscreet to give such an order; but the judge who, if the order were given, would not obey it, is a monster of virtue beyond the bounds of French imagination.

There is a weakness, to give it no harsher name, in French judges to which there is happily no parallel in England. The local judges in America, who have to please a mob in order to be re-elected, may perhaps accept the orders given them by their masters as readily, but then the interference of the mob never comes in quite so humiliating and coarse a form as that of a despot. Democratic judges share the prejudices, and fear the censure of those around them, but they do not receive precise directions as to their decision. Still less would a supreme Court submit to dictation from the Central Executive. In England the good old Tory style of judge was sure to sum up as severely against a seditious Whig as a Government could desire; and in the United States, Presidents nominated by the South, appointed Southern judges until the Dred Scott decision was at last achieved. Political questions are viewed with a party bias by judges who have been expressly appointed as friends of the party in possession of power. But this is very different from the relation of the French judges to the French Government. It was not because they wished to serve a cause, but because they wished to keep their places and not get into trouble, that the judges at Douai took suddenly that view of the law of embezzlement which has so much surprised French lawyers. And it is well known that what the Government can do on a great scale, private people can do on a small scale. Money is very useful to a litigant in France. Perhaps no one exactly says or owns that the judges are to be bribed, but in delicate cases it often comes to be known that the judge is open to a private visit, in order that he may really make himself master of the case, and a few thousand francs help him to understand it with astonishing rapidity. In the ordinary unimportant suits of every day life, justice flows on evenly, and the administration of the law gives tolerable satisfaction in France; but in great cases—in cases affecting the honour of families, or relating to the affairs of a Government functionary, or possessing an interest for the Government itself—the popular belief in France is that the judges may be managed, and are, in fact, biassed by very sordid considerations of gain or fear. The judges are not without the circle of bureaucracy; and the vices of the bureaucracy are discoverable in them. They are part of the machinery of Government, and are exposed to the bad influences which pervade this machinery throughout.

It is perfectly true that all nations have some conspicuous weakness, half social and half political, which seems partly the product and partly the cause of their institutions, and which in bad times becomes unusually conspicuous. And yet this weakness has not all the evil consequences that might be expected, and seems compatible with the vigour and prosperity of the society in which it is found. In America, for example, there is that wholesale jobbery and corruption which infects every department of official life. Secretaries of State, and Generals in command of large armies, are proved to have done the most disgraceful jobs, and plundered the State with unblushing effrontery. Still, there is no very hearty disapproval of their conduct. Their countrymen guess they are smart, and to be smart is, in America, to be great and glorious. In England, we have cleared away most of our more glaring scandals, but we have some very strange things left still. Our military courts-martial, for example, are not things to be proud of. The silly rant of the prosecutor, the vulgar brutality of regi-

mental quarrels, the ludicrous inefficiency of the tribunal, are not quite what we should like foreigners to dwell on. Still less can we affect to like the screen that is certain to be thrown over every officer well protected by his social standing, and who can bring the influence of fine ladies to bear on the Horse Guards. We endure this as the Americans endure the corruption of their officials, and as the French endure the subserviency of their judges. We see that no one is exactly to blame for it, and that it is part of a social arrangement and a mode of regarding the privileged classes which is an intimate part of our political system, and has grown up through a long course of years. We cannot get in a day a different class of officers, any more than the French can get rid of the connection that obtains between their bureaucracy and their judges, or than the Americans can get rid of the jobbing adventurers who alone will interest themselves in republican politics. Meanwhile, we must not paint things as worse than they are. We have a fair fighting army, although our courts-martial do not give a very favourable impression of the manners, the ability, or the habits of our officers. The Americans have an executive that can practically conduct affairs, although integrity has almost ceased to be considered a virtue in officials; and the French have not come to believe all law and justice to be a mockery, although, in special cases, judges may be coerced or bribed.

But although every nation has its weaknesses of some sort, and we cannot expect that evils of long growth can be suddenly extirpated, we yet must judge of any state of society for the time being, according as it is characterized by a tendency to make these weaknesses greater or smaller, and to mitigate or aggravate standing evils. There is very much that is wrong in the English army, but still the English army keeps getting better. There are obvious influences at work to make it better. Publicity cannot yet control the government of the army, but it does a great deal towards controlling it. The standard of what the nation expects in officers and men is raised gradually, but surely. We can see signs of the coming of the day when an officer will be expected to know the rudiments of his profession, and when the private will come to regard himself as something better than a popinjay. In America they have at least got so far on the road to honesty, that they have placarded their corruption in the face of the world, and sent their greatest speculator to represent the States in Russia. It is not much, but a little time ago they would perhaps have hushed up the story of the great contract frauds, and have kept Mr. CAMERON at home. But in France it is unfortunately the tendency of the Empire to intensify what is bad there. The judges in former days were not, perhaps, immaculate, but they were never ordered to absolve a culprit in order to shelter the reputation of a Minister of State. The bureaucracy has deteriorated under the Empire—it has become more insolent and tyrannical. The press has been whipped and tormented into dishonesty and meanness. The characteristic vices of the nation have assumed a more flagrant type. This is at the bottom of that persistent opposition to the Empire which the educated and sounder portion of France never ceases to wage, and which, however fruitless it may seem for the moment, we can never fail to respect and encourage. The Empire has done much for France, and Italy at least has gained greatly by its existence. But there is a heavy account on the other side. It has demoralized the country, and it has done this through the inevitable operation of the causes that have maintained it. The EMPEROR very probably often regrets that his Government cannot do better than it does. He showed, by his conduct in the MIRÈS case, that he saw clearly all the danger of so strong an exercise of arbitrary power as that of dictating the decision of a Court of Appeal; but he could not help himself. It is only men like M. DE MORNY that can be trusted to keep the Empire up at all costs and at every hazard, and men whose support is a political necessity cannot be thrown overboard merely that the honour and integrity of judges may be kept above suspicion.

THE LAND TRANSFER BILL.

THE dream of philosophical lawyers which has filled old-fashioned conveyancers with horror is about to become an established fact. A Bill "for giving certainty to the title to real estates, and rendering the dealing with Land more simple and economical," has passed the House of Lords, after undergoing the trying ordeal of a

Select Committee, and will shortly be introduced into the Lower House with every apparent prospect of becoming law. After the countless projects of legislation on this subject during the last five years, it is remarkable that Lord WESTBURY'S Bill is thoroughly original; and it will be a matter of some interest to the owners of land to know what is the character of the provisions by which the mode of dealing with real property is proposed to be regulated.

The first thing to be noted about the new scheme is, that it is entirely optional. Any proprietor who is enamoured with the present plan of selling, mortgaging, and settling land, may keep his solicitor at work as heretofore, in the lucrative occupation of drawing and perusing abstracts, framing ingenious requisitions, parrying the complaints of equally acute purchasers, and conducting all the cumbrous procedure which is supposed to secure the title to land from the uncertainties to which human affairs and mundane possessions are subject. How far this concession will promote the establishment of the new system may be questioned, but it assuredly removes much of the difficulty which has hitherto impeded legislation on the subject. The upshot of the long discussion that has been maintained as to the advisability of registering the title to land has been to leave to law reformers the choice of three entirely distinct modes of procedure. The simplest of these is merely to require the registration of every conveyance as a condition to its validity, and this is what was done in old times for the counties of Middlesex and York, and is now the law which prevails in those localities as well as in Scotland and Ireland, and almost all foreign countries. The practical result of this machinery has not been very satisfactory. It has excluded one and only one element of uncertainty—that which arises from the suppression of documents. It has rather increased than diminished the cost of the transfer of land; and it has opened a door to fraud, in taking advantage of the neglect of registration, which has only been corrected in England by a remedy perhaps worse than the evil itself—the mysterious doctrine of constructive notice, which courts of equity have invented for the purpose. After a very long controversy, this form of registration has been acknowledged, almost by universal consent, to be utterly inadequate to meet the demands which the purchasers of land may reasonably make for some safe and economical method of transferring real estate.

A second device, which has been much in favour of late years, has been to establish a register, to record therein against every estate the name of one or more persons as the owners, and to declare them absolutely entitled to deal with the property as they may think fit. Nothing could be simpler or easier to work than such machinery as this; and if land were generally held in fee-simple by some one person or group of persons as the absolute owners, nothing more complex would be required. Unfortunately for the lovers of legal symmetry, the common practice of English landowners is as widely as possible removed from this patriarchal system. As a matter of course, every estate of importance is put into settlement. Such a being as an owner of land, in the sense in which we speak of the owner of a horse or any other movable commodity, is quite an exceptional personage. There is generally some one person, or more probably some succession of persons, entitled for life. Then there are whole families of possible children on whom, in due order, the estate is to devolve; jointures and portions, charges and powers are attached to the land; and for the purpose of giving effect to such provisions a series of trust estates are created, to which are added, in many cases, a variety of charges and incumbrances, actual and possible, to provide for the extravagances of past owners and the prospective wants of those that are to come. All this complication sadly mars the simplicity of that species of registration which is based upon the notion of recording some specified person as the absolute owner for all purposes of sale or other disposition. If the life tenant or a trustee is entered on the register, all the class of persons who have remote interests in the land would, unless protected, be in constant alarm lest their inheritance should be filched from them by the fraud of the registered owner. Instead of having rights which would cleave to the land itself, they would be dependent on the honour of this or that trustee, and one of the great charms of real property—its fancied security—would be taken from it. The only possible way of meeting this difficulty is that which was proposed in the Bills introduced originally by Sir H. CAIRNS, and reproduced in the present session by Lord CHELMSFORD. The plan was to allow all

persons who had any kind of right or interest in a registered estate to protect themselves against any unauthorized dealings by entering *caveats* at the Register Office. The effect of this would be to render it impossible for any one to be defrauded except by his own neglect; and though the register would merely show a succession of fiduciary owners instead of the real proprietors of the land, it would, with very little complication, give immense facility to all purchases and mortgage transactions. The chief fault found with this plan was that it was not, and did not profess to be, a means of preserving a constant record of the real beneficial ownership of land. It was a sort of makeshift measure without any pretence to theoretical perfection, though with the weighty practical merit of removing an evil which had become intolerable without materially interfering with existing rights or aspiring to any chimerical exactness.

LORD WESTBURY is not of a temper to put up with anything short of comprehensive symmetry; and his Bill, which has passed almost unscathed through the Committee of the Lords, aims at the creation of a registry which shall be an accurate photograph of all the rights which attach to every estate in the Kingdom, and shall, at the same time, dispense with the cumbrous process which is known as the investigation of title. Whether this large object will ever be attained must depend a little on the form in which the Bill may become law, and very much more on the genius of the Registrar to whom the working of the new machinery is to be entrusted. It is quite possible that the Bill, if passed, might become a dead letter from the disinclination of landowners to avail themselves of the promised benefits; but, whatever the result may be in this respect, the most anxious possessor of property need not hesitate to give his support to a Bill which will either be inoperative, or, if brought into a working shape, will largely diminish the difficulties and delays that attend upon all dealings with land.

The short outline of the proposed machinery is this. In the first instance, any one who thinks he has a perfect title, either in himself alone or in the different existing or future members of his family, may go to the Registrar, prove his title once for all, get all the subsisting interests recorded on the Register, and receive a certificate which will enable him, without further inquiry, to pass an absolutely indefeasible title to a purchaser. But when a title has thus been cleared, it will still be liable to fresh complications in the progress of time. Every birth, death, or marriage may alter the existing rights. New settlements may be made, additional incumbrances created, powers may be exercised, complicated devises may be made, and, after a certain lapse of time, the title would reach once more the condition from which the Registrar's fiat had relieved it. To obviate this is the object of a distinct portion of the Bill, which provides in effect that every dealing or event which can affect the land shall be forthwith proved to the satisfaction of the Registrar, and duly entered in his books. Supposing this to be done, the Register will exhibit at any moment an exact picture of all the rights and interests to which the land is or ever can become subject, and nothing more would be necessary upon a sale than to go to the Registrar, and obtain from him a certificate showing (beyond the possibility of question) who are the persons entitled to dispose of the estate.

Nothing can be prettier in outline than a scheme of this kind, but it would be useless to deny that its complete success must depend on two or three rather doubtful assumptions. In the first place, it will of course involve a certain amount of trouble and expense to keep the Register always up to the position of an estate for the time being; and it is not certain that the duty of bringing in every deed, and proving every event in the family history, will not be as often as not neglected by the landowner. It is true that, by keeping his title thus posted up, as the Yankees would say, a proprietor may save himself a vast amount of trouble and expense, whenever he wants to enter upon a new transaction; but when there is no immediate inducement to perform a troublesome piece of business, it is not at all unlikely to be postponed; and if that became the general practice, the result would be that an investigation of title as strict as is now required by a purchaser would have to be made by the Registrar whenever he was applied to for his certificate. Still, any indolence on the part of registered landholders in discharging the obligations cast upon them by the Bill would merely diminish the benefits of the measure, without introducing

any new element of risk or expense. It is otherwise with another class of difficulties which the Bill threatens to create. Every lawyer knows that it is not an easy task to frame a short statement of the position of a title without either omitting or distorting some person's interest, or else encumbering the abstract with a mass of detail which would make it almost as useless for practical purposes as the box full of title deeds of which it is supposed to be the essence. To concentrate into a concise tabular form the whole substance of a title, however full it may be of ramifications and complexities, will be the daily task of the Registrar and his assistants; and though the experience of the Incumbered Estates Court proves that this kind of work may be done with marvellous accuracy, it is quite impossible that errors should not sometimes arise, and absolutely essential to protect the owners of property against the consequences of official blunders. At present, if a blot in a title escapes the eyes of the conveyancer who investigates it, the result is that some purchaser or mortgagee is liable to be deprived of his estate or his security; but if a similar mistake should be made by the Registrar under the Chancellor's Bill, the purchaser or lender would nevertheless hold the estate on the strength of the certificate, and some unlucky person, who had perhaps never heard of the proceedings taken, would find that an incautious official had irrevocably handed over his interest to a stranger. These things happen very seldom, it is true, in Ireland, but they do happen—not often enough to afford an argument against a registry altogether, but sufficiently so to require that something like an adequate compensation should be made to the sufferers.

It was not considered to be competent for the House of Lords to introduce a compensation clause into the Bill, but it is understood that in the Commons it will be proposed to make the State insure the owners of land against official errors, so far at least as a money compensation can do so. Without such a clause the Bill would never be accepted—with it, there is practically no risk or injury entailed upon any one. The Consolidated Fund would not suffer, for the most minute percentage fee would suffice to cover all possible liabilities from such a source. Purchasers would get a certain title without delay or expense, and those who have land to sell would be able to command an increased price without being subject to any appreciable risk or any considerable trouble beyond that to which they are now subjected. It is not, perhaps, likely that the Bill in its present shape will perfect a reform of so much importance and intricacy; but if the business is entrusted to competent hands there is no reason why it should not be gradually perfected until the Register shall become, in course of time, a perfect mirror of all the rights and interests in land which are to be found from one end of England to the other.

ART CRITICISM.

MR. PALGRAVE'S famous Handbook has ceased to be the subject of criticism and comment, and everyone has come to much the same conclusion about the controversy to which it gave rise. It is obvious that the Commissioners were greatly to blame for their carelessness in permitting its circulation as an official work, and that Mr. Palgrave himself never for a moment saw the impropriety of what he was doing. That is the end of the matter, and no more need be said about it. How far the criticisms contained in the book were sound is a very different point, and one, perhaps, worth examining. But it is not the point which we now propose to handle. It is because Mr. Palgrave's volume suggests some considerations on the present state of art criticism that we now refer to it. At the lowest, it is different from most works of criticism on art. Perhaps its strong resemblance to the writings of Mr. Ruskin may be thought to lessen its value as a specimen of art criticism, as we may as well go to the original, and not the copy, if we want to judge of a performance. But Mr. Palgrave's little book has many advantages as such a specimen over the voluminous works of Mr. Ruskin. It is compact, it is in the hands of many readers, and it refers to the very pictures which now occupy the thoughts of every picture-lover in London. Both in its good and its bad points it does, as a matter of fact, illustrate what art criticism is like in these days, and therefore we need not trouble ourselves with the question whether some other illustration might not do as well.

We all know the kind of art criticism to which it stands in contrast. Without making any reference to any particular vehicle of art criticism, we may say that it ordinarily consists in a summary account of, and judgment upon, a succession of artistic works. A criticism on a gallery of pictures takes a hundred pictures perhaps, and tells us that number 20 is a brook in Devonshire, that the figure in the foreground is that of a little girl, that it is very like a Devonshire brook painted by the same artist the year before, and has more force, breadth, and chalkiness, but less harmony and truth of tone

and touch. No. 40 is a scene from Shakspeare, is valued at a great many guineas, is a reproduction of a picture by the same artist exhibited five years ago, and has great tenderness of drapery, but is too orange in the flesh tints. It is the same if a play, and not a picture, is criticized. The critic informs us that the piece has been six times translated from the French, and is now varied by having the last act borrowed from a different drama, that the plot turns on such and such adventures, that Mr. A. played with his accustomed breadth of farce, and that Miss B. was lively, cheerful, and fascinating, though slightly inaudible, as the young Marchioness. The scenery of more serious pieces is said to be magnificent, and Shakspeare is pronounced to be rendered with a meaning, a life, and a contempt for stage traditions that is truly remarkable. This sort of criticism is very popular, and we may be sure it would not stand its ground unless it was useful, and was adapted to its ends. It has really great merits in its way. It is written for particular sets of persons; it gives them what they want; and they are the very people who are most interested in the branch of art to which the subject of criticism belongs. It is written for artists, and for those general spectators who want to be guided in going to a gallery or a theatre. In the artist world it is both useful and agreeable to know, on the authority of a fair observer, that the Devonshire brook of an artist is or is not more chalky than his last year's brook. It may possibly guide him, and it may probably guide others who are in the same line of artistic business. It cheers Miss B. to be told that she is fascinating, and it stimulates her to speak louder if she is told she is inaudible. The general spectator also finds in this criticism exactly what he needs. He wants to choose a play, and he hears that one translation from the French is more amusing than another, and that Miss B. is pretty enough to ensure him some sort of satisfaction, even if the play is stupid. In the gallery he is saved much time if he is told the exact subject of the picture—if, for example, he reads all the possible interpretations of "Trust me" that ingenuity can devise, and if he gets a good general notion how the artists whose names are familiar to him are getting on. He is prepared next year to notice whether the brook of the season is more or less chalky, and whether the flesh tints are a shade less orange. He gets what may be termed the professional artist view of a picture with great ease and rapidity, and this is, probably, much better than anything he could have struck out for himself.

This kind of art criticism, however, although its usefulness and practical importance are much too great to permit us to dispense with it, is not the only kind possible or desirable. It may be fairly compared to that kind of literary criticism which consists in what is technically termed "gutting" an author. A book is taken and is swiftly blamed or praised according to the antipathies or sympathies of the critic; and then a summary of its contents is given with long extracts interspersed. It is an easy style of reviewing, but it often suits the author, who sees his fine passages thus presented to the public; and it exactly suits what are called literary people, that is, people who like to talk about a great many books, and know all about them, without having read them. It also really keeps alive an interest in books in the minds of many who would not otherwise care much for them. But another style of criticism has been invented. It is of comparatively modern date, and perhaps Coleridge did more to set it on foot than any one man. This kind of criticism consists in taking some general point of view with reference to which one or more literary works can be grouped, in examining the order of thought to which a book belongs, and in setting up some general standard to which it can be referred. It is true that this sort of criticism substitutes thoughts about a book for the book itself, and unless it was addressed to a public well informed on most literary subjects, and inclined to read whatever is worth reading, it would fall wide of its mark. Coleridge's criticisms on Shakspeare are in the highest degree subtle and suggestive, but they would not be of much use to a person who had never opened Shakspeare. But to persons who have read Shakspeare they give a new power of insight into the meaning of the poet. Good thoughts about a thing are a great help to understanding it, even if they are not all quite true. Any general feature in the literature of a particular period that is pointed out effectively teaches us to feel more at home when we read the works of any author belonging to that period. In the same way in art, a critic who has knowledge and reflective power enough to take a general point in the art of a period, or to lay down a general canon, and test it by examining particular pictures, or to raise and discuss a question which we feel lies at the bottom of a whole era or department of art, gives us a help to our progress in understanding art which nothing else will give. We seem to make a fresh start under his guidance. It is true we must have made some start before. A person who knew nothing of schools of painting, who had never seen a first-rate collection, or never gained a superficial acquaintance with the characteristics of living artists, would not be able to understand him. But after we have got thus far—after we feel we know a little about painting or acting—we come to a stop, for to go farther requires thought, and thought requires the possession or creation of some general rules, or principles, or theories about art which we do not possess. The man who has them, and expounds them for our benefit, is the critic we are in want of.

No candid reader can fail to see that in Mr. Palgrave's book there are several of these efforts of art criticism which are suggestive by being general, and which are the result of thought, not on picture after picture separately, but on many pictures taken together. For

example, Mr. Palgrave gives the history of what he terms Incident painting in England—that is, of scenes from real or fictitious life, designed to please the spectator by suggesting or reminding him of some interesting event. He shows that the introduction of this sort of painting dates very nearly from the period when the modern novel came in, and that the incident pictures and the novel have many features in common, and, especially, are liable to have the same defects. Why does this piece of art criticism help us? Because we are more familiar with novels than with paintings, and because, directly a little examination has satisfied us that there is some tolerable degree of truth in Mr. Palgrave's remark, we are enabled by our knowledge of novels to criticize many pictures as to which we should otherwise have no standard of criticism. So again, Mr. Palgrave lays down what seems a simple rule—that the test of art is nature, and that if we venture to pronounce an opinion as to the colour and shape and roll of waves, for example, we can only be sure we are right if we have narrowly watched real waves. This is, perhaps, in some degree obvious to every one, or, at any rate, Mr. Ruskin has so dimmed it into us that we think we always knew and felt it. But then Mr. Palgrave goes on to remark that the machinery of art is so imperfect that it cannot imitate nature. To imitate it as nearly as possible, art must hit on some compromise, which will come as near to a general truthfulness as possible, although some special detail may not be truthful. For instance, Turner, he says—and Mr. Ruskin has said before him—despairing of being able otherwise to give the intensity of light, made his most vivid lights white. He knew they were not white, but by making them white he allowed himself greater scope for introducing a variety of degrees of light. This may have been right or wrong, but the notion which prompted him to do it suggests to us a good deal. We are brought to the general rule that art must be tested by its truthfulness to nature, but that imperfect machinery makes art necessarily untruthful. Then we have to see what compromise brings us to the greatest amount of truthfulness on the whole. This may seem obvious when it is stated, but we may be sure that it took some thought to arrive at it, and that it will take a great deal of thought to apply it practically. At the same time, the attempt to apply it practically will give us a new insight into many pictures which we thought we knew pretty well before.

Criticism of this sort, like its parallel in literary criticism, seems to us well worth having, both for those who are neither professional artists nor wholly unacquainted with art, and for those who can only read about pictures, or plays, or other performances, and are not in London to see or hear them. But at present art criticism of this kind is young. There has not been much of it, and, as we see it now, it labours under two great defects. In the first place, the critics, impressed with a sense of doing a really useful thing, and pleased with the office of judging in a way which they feel deserves notice, have got into the way of writing as if they were prophets, and as if art were the greatest thing under the sun, and they had been selected among men to reveal its secrets. Mr. Ruskin does this, and Mr. Palgrave imitates him in the most outrageous way. He hurls his thunderbolts, and lets his sun shine, as if he were the cloud-compelling Zeus. This is merely a way of writing into which art critics fall because there are not enough of them. If general discussions on art were common, no one would be more proud of carrying them on than of writing the ordinary sort of essays in a quarterly Review. There is also another fault in art criticism which also springs from its immaturity. The critics have no settled English in which to express what they mean. They go piling word on word, and phrase on phrase, in hopes to convey something they feel very difficult to convey. They splash on their epithets and their metaphors as if they were making experiments in colour, and hoped to succeed like the painter who painted the foam of a horse by dashing his brush at the picture. All sorts of terms, coupled with all sorts of adjectives, are hashed up on the chance of their conveying some meaning; and the most daring assertions are made, on the principle on which Turner made his lights white, because, although the statement is not exactly or literally true, yet an impression that it is substantially true is supposed to be thereby vividly conveyed. We can find abundance of instances in Mr. Palgrave's book, although there are many worse enemies of plain English than he is. For instance, he tells us that birth and death are written in the scarlet and azure of Turner's skies. What he means by this hardest of hard sayings is that, as he has previously put it more mildly, we see in Turner's pictures "the presence of human feeling, either contrasted with or embodied in nature." This was too mild for him; he feared the reader would not take in what he meant; and so he ventured on the hazardous and mysterious assertion that birth and death are written in the scarlet and azure of Turner's skies. We consider these flights of poetical criticism mere waste paper. They teach us nothing; but we can understand that a critic may feel a certain pleasure in trying them, until he has learnt to be content not to express more than can be expressed. As art criticism advances, it will get rid of these puerile audacities of language, and capable critics will soon discard them, if for no other reason, at any rate for this, that they will find they can be easily imitated by the most foolish of writers. Any one can cook up any amount of assertions of this sort, and mere fine word-painting about pictures has already got so vulgarized that we may hope it will soon be got rid of. The day of art criticism, conceived on general principles, and expressed in modest, intelligible, adequate English, cannot, we should hope, be now far distant.

NEXT TUESDAY.

THE debate of Tuesday evening will inform us how far the Conservative party is prepared to accompany Mr. Disraeli in his new enterprise. Never did a political adventurer set forth in the hope of reaching a more singular goal than that towards which Mr. Disraeli would now direct his course. Land apparently is expected to be made at a point where the frigid and the torrid zones touch one another. The soul of the Conservative leader must, at this moment, be cheered by a novel image, soothing at once to his patriotism and his ambition. Not too distant to extinguish hope, across seas of debate in which Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston must be overwhelmed, the doors of office stand open. Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Stansfeld guard the portal, not exactly made friends together, but allowing their animosities to be suspended by the consciousness of the great service they are about to render their country. Together, they invite Mr. Disraeli to enter. A Garibaldian red shirt and the uniform of the Pope's Guard, which the respective wearers take no pains to conceal, mark by their contrast the character of the alliance and that of the statesmanship that has brought it about. But the statesman who cares for none of these things would gladly, if he might, accept the invitation, pass the portal, and leave it to the chapter of accidents to determine both how long he is to continue master of the house, and what he is to do while he continues in possession.

If Mr. Disraeli could count on the support of his own party, we cannot doubt that he would make haste to seal the proposed compact and enjoy its fruits. The economists and the Catholics are alike discontented with the present state of things, and, as is usually the case with discontented parties, they build indefinite expectations on the possible results of a change of Administration. The support which they offer the Tories would, no doubt, if accepted, be more than sufficient to ensure their return to power; and it would be time enough, after reaching office with the aid of both the discontented parties, to determine with which faith should be kept and which should be discarded. By judicious management and well-timed promises, the services even of both might perhaps be retained; and, at the worst, it would probably be easy for Mr. Disraeli, at no unprecedented sacrifice of Conservative principles, to make one of them a permanent and trustworthy part of his garrison. But, unfortunately for this comely plot, it is not yet certain to what extent his own party approve of the advances which Mr. Disraeli has already made towards this unnatural alliance; and it is doubtful whether they will permit his flirtations to ripen into an engagement. He himself can scarcely have intended them to be taken so seriously. It is only three months since Sir John Pakington and General Peel declared an approval of the estimates, qualified only, on the part of the former, by a complaint of the reduced numbers of our *armées*. Unless they share his recent and abrupt conversion, all Mr. Disraeli's former colleagues wish the English fleet to be maintained in at least its present proportion to that of France, and they all desire that advantage should be taken, without delay, of all the most recent improvements. Mr. Disraeli has not, of course, attempted to show how these objects are compatible with a reduced expenditure. His allusion to the pockets of the country gentlemen is not likely to make them willing to see England reduced to execute the commands and endorse the opinions of the French Emperor. Luke-warm as they may be about the cause of Italy, they are still not friendly to the temporal power of the Pope. Partly from habit, partly from hatred to Popery, they cannot be eager to accept as allies the nominees of the Catholic priests. They have also a vague expectation that if Rome becomes the capital of the kingdom of Italy, Protestantism will gain by the change. It is probable, therefore, that notwithstanding the zeal with which the Conservative journals have followed up Mr. Disraeli's denunciation of "bloated armaments," neither the Conservative members nor their leader will go with Mr. Stansfeld into the lobby on Tuesday evening. Mr. Disraeli is, however, placed in a disagreeable predicament by Mr. Stansfeld's motion. He cannot, without infinite discredit, vote against Mr. Stansfeld, whose motion exactly represents the drift of the last two of his own philippics. He cannot vote with Mr. Stansfeld without coming into open collision, on the most important question of the day, with the great majority of his party.

It is strange if the Tory party have not yet had enough of coalitions. The kind of coalition with which Mr. Disraeli varies the monotony of political life is not exactly that which he denounced so bitterly ten years ago, when, on the point of being expelled from office by the combined forces of the Peelites and the Whigs, he discovered that England does not love coalitions. It is not, indeed, Mr. Disraeli's own fault that he has not since emulated the example he then denounced. No want of solicitation on Mr. Disraeli's part has, ere this, prevented the most distinguished of the Whigs and the most distinguished of the Liberal Conservatives from sharing with the Tories the seats of a coalition Cabinet. But the kind of coalition which Mr. Disraeli is apt to achieve for the benefit of his party is one of a quite different character. It is not an avowed coalition represented by the men who sit openly on the Treasury bench. It is one conducted in secret, much after the manner of a Wakefield election, though of course no money passes. The result appears in the votes, and in the occasional sacrifice of long-cherished convictions; but the machinery does not appear on the surface at all. It is true that occasionally it is discovered that an official despatch has been privately corrected or approved by an unofficial member of the coalition. While it endures, its course is

marked by discreditable compromises, and when at last these prove unavailing, its repentant author declares that he will never again accept office without a majority of his own to support him. These lessons of experience, now that there appears a slight chance of office, are again, unless his party refuse compliance, to be thrown to the winds. Mr. Disraeli cannot wait till his minority has grown into a majority. He will have office at once, if he can. For its sake he will repeat the miserable tricks and compromises, and unavowed conferences with Radicals and Irish Papists of former times. He may relish such intrigues, but his party, having twice been brought into contempt and degradation by such means, are not likely to tolerate their repetition.

It may, perhaps, be open to question whether either the economists or the Catholics are prudent in welcoming Mr. Disraeli's advances. Each party flatters itself that it cannot lose by an alliance with him, and that it is possible it may gain. Perhaps both deceive themselves. Of the two, however, the economist party are playing the most dangerous game. They are even more eager advocates of a vigorous foreign policy than of retrenchment. Many of them would make the moral influence of England more widely felt even than Lord Palmerston in his most ambitious moments has ventured to extend it. Mr. Stansfeld himself is best known as an admirer of Mazzini, and a champion of oppressed nationalities. He and his friends doubtless think that, were Mr. Disraeli in office, he would be compelled to adopt the national policy in regard to Italy. And no doubt Mr. Disraeli would not, as a Cabinet Minister, be so imprudent as to avow his hostility to Italy, or to develop in despatches his theory of the political importance of the temporal power of the Pope. But Mr. Stansfeld forgets how great is the difference between the willing support that is given by friends and the purchased adhesion yielded by reluctant agents. He would be well advised if he could be brought to perceive that the difference between the assistance England now renders to Italy, when Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston speak from the Treasury bench, and that which she would render through Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Disraeli, is far greater than can be represented by any saving the latter would be able to effect in the Estimates of 1863. It is hopeless, of course, to attempt to persuade Mr. Stansfeld that, even while Mr. Gladstone continues a member of the Government, his speeches owe no small portion of their influence beyond the Channel to the strength of the army and navy of England.

The policy of Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Maguire is shrewder. It is true that, when Mr. Disraeli is once in office, they will have played their last card. And it will be a triumph to their enemies when it is shown that even their own nominee must follow the public opinion of England. Stabs dealt to legitimacy through the Tory party will be a severe disappointment to the reactionists on the Continent and their allies in England. But, on the other hand, the Catholic party, unlike Mr. Stansfeld's friends, cannot be worse off than they are. To unseat the author of the "Letters to Lord Aberdeen" would be itself a victory worth struggling for. And an infinite vista of possibilities will no doubt be kept open before them as long as Mr. Disraeli continues in office. Being indifferent—if any tax-payers can be indifferent—to retrenchment for its own sake, they will not share the disappointment of the gentlemen below the gangway when the promises of their champion in that behalf are not performed. Above all, they will have an ally in the Cabinet, who will be able from time to time to serve their turn. Is it possible that Mr. Stansfeld will always continue blind to these obvious considerations? He is, beyond question, doing more than any other politician to keep alive the hopes, and he may be preparing the triumph, of the most determined enemies of freedom. It cannot be otherwise, so long as there appears a chance of Mr. Disraeli's drifting into office through the support of himself and his friends.

The promised debate of Tuesday evening can scarcely fail to produce one salutary result. It must inevitably serve to clear the political atmosphere. Some expression of opinion must surely be drawn from those who have been of late so strangely silent. We shall surely be told why General Peel and Sir John Pakington have not had a word to say while their colleague was sneering at the policy for the inauguration of which they and he are responsible, and the continuance of which they at least have this year more than once applauded. They should inform their party and their constituents whether they also are converts to the theory of the "Three Panics." Lord Stanley also may be expected to declare whether he agrees with his father or with Mr. Disraeli. In other ways, too, the debate will be profitable. No tax-payer loves heavy taxation—least of all can it be lovely in the eyes of a Government, the popularity of which must almost always be in inverse ratio to the weight of the burdens it lays on the people. The Government, therefore, and the tax-payers are alike under obligations to Mr. Stansfeld for undertaking, as we suppose he does undertake, to show how their expenditure can be diminished. At such a moment it is perhaps ungracious to taunt him or his friends with their past omissions. Yet it is impossible not to ask why this resolution has been delayed so long. Why were the economists so often absent, so consistently silent, while the Estimates were being discussed? It is to be presumed that Mr. Stansfeld will on Tuesday propound some definite scheme which he would have substituted for that which has been adopted for the present year. We shall learn whether there are to be no iron ships or fewer iron ships, no fortifications or fewer fortifications, no Channel fleet or a smaller Channel fleet under Mr. Stansfeld's ideal Administration. If it is still left unexplained why this scheme, whatever it may be, was not proposed in February, it will at least be known what Sir G. C.

Lewis and Lord Clarence Paget have to expect next year. All this will be clear gain. Again, Mr. Baxter and Mr. Lindsay have repeatedly declared that Lord Palmerston exaggerates when he speaks of the strength of the French navy. The country would gladly be convinced that they are right, and Lord Palmerston wrong. On Tuesday, then, these gentlemen will have an opportunity of setting forth the evidence on which their countrymen will be justified in believing their statements in opposition to those of the responsible Minister. In every way new light will be thrown on a difficult and momentous question; and the internal condition and the external relations of the various parties will become more intelligible to the nation.

GOSSIP.

FEW commonplaces of morality are better worn than those which dwell on the banefulness of gossip; and there are few which seem to fall so absolutely pointless on the ears of those to whom commonplaces of morality are addressed. Good books and sermons are no doubt powerful instruments for the conversion of the human heart—at least, from their length and number, it is obvious that those who compose them think so. But they have no effect whatever upon female or quasi-female tongues. The slaughter of characters goes on as merrily as it did in the days of Mrs. Candour. Gossip is a bad habit out of which the world evidently does not grow. The increase of civilization and the march of intellect only give it strength and variety, while religious movements stimulate it and turn it into a new channel. In spite of moralists and preachers, it is not one of the worldliness which the religious world rejects. It holds its ground in many a circle which casts out the theatre as evil, and has long ago renounced all fellowship with pink ribbons. Its subject-matter is not the same in the two worlds. In the religious world it concerns itself with the theological errors of a clerical neighbour—in the worldly world it expatiates upon the amatory vagaries of a fashionable neighbour. But the nature of the gratification it ministers to those who indulge in it is, in both cases, very much the same; and the religious evil-speaking, on the whole, is the more damaging of the two.

We must accept the fact, then, that this great social, and very sociable, evil has an invincible hold over mankind. Under these circumstances, we put it to the moralists whether it would not be wiser to make the best of it, and to discern in it a providential arrangement. It is a favourite argument in favour of field-sports that Nature has herself recommended them to man, by supplying him with animals which have a natural aptitude for aiding him in those amusements. We think that Nature herself may also safely be put into the witness-box to testify in favour of gossip. There are some women who are obviously created for no other purpose than to gossip. The extraordinary agility of their tongues, the marvellous endurance of fatigue displayed by that organ, their total incapacity to reproduce without distortion anything that they hear, their abnormal passion for tea, and their minute acquaintance with the peerage, mark them out as distinctly to be gossips as the greyhound is marked out for his special functions by his fleetness, or the game-cock by his spurs. In taking away their neighbours' characters, they are only acting after their kind, and putting to the best use the faculties with which they have been endowed. Does the captious objector imagine that they were not intended to employ that glorious and picturesque mendacity—that exquisite acuteness which never misses the shadow of an ogle, or the echo of a sigh—that sagacious foresight which enables them, at the close of a London season, to cast with so much confidence Sir Cresswell's judicial horoscope for the next year? Tastes, too, or rather instincts, will not be overlooked by the philosopher who is familiar with the argument from design. The gossiping old maid has strange, mysterious, inexplicable proclivities towards the subjects from which her sex generally shrink. Surely these tastes are not given her for nothing. These instincts betray her vocation upon earth. She is ordained to feed on scandal, as the scavenger-turkey is ordained to feed on dirt. Then there is an argument to be drawn from the protection which has been provided for her. Nature shelters all created beings from the dangers incident to the condition she assigns to them. The negro's skull is thickened against the sun-stroke—the arctic fauna are thickly furred to protect them from the cold. So Nature protects the old maid from scandal. Her gossiping propensities might tempt her neighbours to fling it back against her; but she is armed with a natural armour of proof against the most distant insinuation that she is the object of any illicit masculine aspirations.

We would go even a step further, and say that not only is the vocation of gossips, both male and female, marked out for them by Nature, but that it is eminently beneficial in its results. If gossip were less general, it might be very dangerous. There would always of necessity be a little of it, for there are spiteful people who have grudges to gratify, and find that, as a vent for their feelings, back-biting is cheaper than a lawsuit, and safer than an attempt at horse-whipping. Then there are the exigencies of that curious ceremony which, from the fact of its taking place in the afternoon, is termed a "morning call." When Mrs. A. calls on Mrs. B. at the hour of four on a fine day, she expects that Mrs. B., if she has the feelings of a woman and a Christian, will direct her servant to say, "Not at home." But it sometimes happens that Mrs. B. is forgetful of her duties, or that her servant is fresh from the country, and does not know how to lie with a good grace, or—which is the most trying *contre-temps* of all—that Mrs. B. comes out of her

door just as Mrs. A. is driving up. Then there is nothing left for them but to go mournfully upstairs together, and set their united brains to work to find conversation for the regulation twenty minutes. There is not an Exhibition every year; and the weather, past, present, and to come, will barely last five minutes. Human nature is weak; and they must be forgiven if, in despair, they soon set to talking over "that dreadful story about Miss So and So," and agreeing that it is a judgment upon her mother, and that they always thought it would come to that. Now, here comes in the inestimable utility of the professional gossips. If these stories only arose now and then from the bitterness of enemies or the despair of morning visitors, it is possible they might be believed, and do real harm. But the old maids and other professional gossips have so effectually cried "Wolf!" that a scandalous attack upon a lady's character is merely looked on as a playful sort of joke, a good-humoured display of inventive genius. It is piquant at the time, like the "non-official" announcements of the *Moniteur*, or Mr. Gladstone's promises of a surplus; but it does not now command any more serious credence. And this great step in advance, it must always be remembered, we owe to the old maids.

In male society, the functions of this useful body of women are assumed by the loungers at the clubs—a body chiefly made up of superannuated old bachelors, and professional men who have been rising for some time, but have not risen yet. Their opportunities, however, are very limited now. Of old, politics were their great field; and by a diligent attendance at the club you might often know a fact several hours before it was in print. But since Common Fame has taken a corporeal form in the body of Mr. Reuter, who only blows his trumpet twice a day, the occupation of the club-lounger is very nearly gone. He is obliged to content himself with facts the most minute, or fictions the most wild. If he knows a political personage, he can probably tell you what he said to the personage, which will certainly rank among the minute facts, and also what the personage said to him, which may be safely classed among the wild fictions. Possibly he can indicate to you mysteriously that there are differences of opinion in the Cabinet, and perhaps may darkly hint that he saw the Court Physician shake his head the other day. But his political budget is soon exhausted. The mysteries of the press are now-a-days the favourite thesis of this class of gossips. They are very great with the authorship of this morning's leader in the *Times*; and can give you a good reason, founded on an imputation of the lowest personal motives, for every opinion expressed in its columns. There is something that irritates their curiosity in the veil which is thrown over journalism; and they do their best to dispel the darkness by a flood of imaginative effort. The *Saturday Review* occasionally comes in for its share of these ideal revelations. Two or three times during our brief history, a fierce civil war has raged among the conductors of this journal, of which we ourselves were unhappily not conscious, but the details of which have been carefully observed and chronicled by our good friends at the clubs. Recently, one of these catastrophes is supposed to have visited us, and to have inflicted on us a sudden and premature metempsychosis. We are informed, on good authority, that we are no longer ourselves, but have become somebody else. If we might be positive upon any subject in opposition to the wise men who know everything about everybody, we should venture to maintain our own identity, and that, with two exceptions, we are the same "we"—although with very large additions—that first addressed the public six years ago. But it is not a point on which we wish to dispute with them, or to run the risk of spoiling the zest of their secret information. Still, we feel with Amphitryon's valet that it is embarrassing to have one's identity claimed by somebody else.

Croyant n'être qu'un seul Sosie,
Je me suis trouvé deux chez nous.

But there are few transformations which the Quidnuncs of the clubs are not capable of effecting. Our fate is nothing to that which some years ago befell a respected religious contemporary, who, in the midst of a triumphant career of anti-Roman polemics, was suddenly discovered by the wise men to be the devoted organ of a committee of Romanists.

On the whole, as a mere matter of taste, we prefer what we must call the male old maids to the female old maids. Neither of them do much harm; but attacking tough old journalists and weather-beaten politicians is a very innocent pursuit, compared to the kind of gossip to which the petticoated scandal-mongers are addicted. The spectacle of half-fashionable women whose tempers have made them nearly friendless, but whose pungent tongues retain for them a certain amount of contemptuous acquaintance, going about imputing sins they secretly wish were their own, and manufacturing lies which, if they had any effect at all, would poison for ever a young girl's life—such a spectacle, unhappily no rarity, is one of the most revolting which our artificial state of society can furnish.

MR. BERKELEY AND THE BALLOT.

WE always thought, before last Tuesday, that the member for Bristol had brought to perfection the art or science of winning and wearing a political reputation on easy terms. The annual repetition of a single speech, made up of the same arguments, the same facts or fictions, and the same jokes which had done duty an unknown number of times before, seemed to be the very cheapest expedient that could be devised for maintaining a conspicuous public position. On the strength of his one Ballot night per annum,

Mr. Berkeley has achieved fame as a fearless, indefatigable, and uncompromising reformer and champion of the people. It was a performance that could cost little even to a duller man than the heavy jester who has so oddly inherited the management of a cause which once boasted the advocacy of Mr. Grote; yet there never was an investment of political capital which yielded a better return to the enterprising speculator. The most admirable inventions, however, are usually open to improvement, and Mr. Berkeley has just given a finishing touch to his patent which may safely be said to defy rivalry. He was suddenly struck on Tuesday night by the happy thought that the annual speech—which, after all, involves a certain expenditure of what may be conventionally called intellectual effort—was no necessary appendage to the annual motion, and might just as well be dispensed with. As he justly considered, the House knew by heart all his "unanswerable arguments" in favour of underhand voting; and where was the use of pouring a more than thrice-told tale into the dull ear of an assembly already drowsy with Patent Law, Public Works, Industrial Schools, and other equally enlivening topics? Never was a more felicitous inspiration. It is satisfactory to record that it met with a signal and merited success. The motion *minus* the speech won a triumph which the speech would have infallibly marred; and the member for Bristol, for once victorious over fate, has positively got leave to bring in his Ballot Bill.

The value of an invention is altogether irrespective of the particular circumstances which may have casually suggested it, and it would be a great pity if Mr. Berkeley's judicious innovation on Parliamentary usage were to be estimated solely with reference to the victory to which it was instrumental. It was the accidental absence of the Opposition that inspired him with the lucky thought of sinking the familiar speech and hurrying to a division, but the idea was intrinsically a good one, and might have been advantageously acted upon if every bench in the House had been crowded. There is not the least reason that we can see why he need ever trouble himself again to speak his Ballot speech. The annual motion is of course indispensable to a politician who has no other imaginable title to fame; but why, under any circumstances, repeat the well-known accompaniment which experience has shown to be superfluous? It is a convenient custom, at the meetings of public companies where time is valuable, to vote that the Directors' Report be "taken as read," and the principle has often struck us as capable of a wider application. Why not let a Parliamentary speech, after (say) three annual repetitions, be taken as spoken? Sir John Trelawny, for instance, may by this time be presumed to have nothing new to tell the House about Church-rates, and there seems no occasion for the periodical reproduction of an argument every point of which may be anticipated by the dullest of listeners. The Deceased Wife's Sister's case is equally unsuceptible of pleasing or instructive novelty, and might be advantageously compressed into the compendious formula which has just been found satisfactory to the supporters of clandestine voting. Mr. Whalley, too, can have nothing material to add to his reiterated demonstration that Maynooth professors inculcate theft, perjury, and murder, as a part of their theological curriculum; and there would be obvious convenience in assuming that Parliament is already in possession of the unanswerable arguments against religious toleration. Should the fortunate result of Mr. Berkeley's experiment stimulate imitation on the part of rival bores, he will merit the unbounded gratitude of busy and tired legislators. Business will be despatched, without any appreciable injury to the public interests, at a rate of speed hitherto unknown. Half the Tuesdays and Wednesdays of the session may be rolled into one, and it will once more be possible for the two Houses to breathe country air at Midsummer.

The sort of practical joke which Mr. Berkeley and the Ballot-mongers have played off on a listless Parliament is quite in keeping with the general character of a so-called movement which has ceased to have any serious interest for politicians. A sham victory is a natural and appropriate incident in the history of a sham agitation. The member for Bristol and his friends are not so stupid as to suppose that the school-boy trick by which they have gained an illusory majority can advance the cause of secret voting one hair's breadth towards the consummation which they profess to desire; but they nevertheless seem to have been as much delighted by the success of their foolish dodge as if they had achieved a genuine political victory. Vociferous cheers testified the exultation of the Radical benches at a piece of sharp practice which can have no possible effect but to place representative Government in a ridiculous point of view. It was evidently considered a splendid stroke of Parliamentary generalship to surprise the House of Commons into a vote which notoriously falsified its real and deliberate judgment. Nothing could more exactly illustrate the fallen fortunes of a cause which once enlisted the advocacy of earnest politicians and profound thinkers. It may be safely asserted that no public man, sincerely desiring the triumph of a political principle in which he heartily believed, would consider it fun to snatch an utterly barren victory in an accidentally empty House. Think of Mr. Cobden, in the days of the Anti-Corn-Law League, cutting short a speech against Protection for the sake of finding himself for once in a casual and fictitious majority! Ballot has long been a tradition—a phrase—a hustings formula—a platform "property"—a fossil relic of the Radicalism of a past generation; but it was reserved to Mr. Berkeley and his confederates of Tuesday night to bring it down to a jest. Even the hazy twaddle of the Whittington Club agitators is less entirely incompatible with sincere and earnest purpose than the silly

"cheers and laughter" which rewarded the member for Bristol's latest attempt at jocularity.

It will, perhaps, be some time yet before the discreditable annual farce in which Mr. Berkeley is the chief performer is finally withdrawn from the political stage. There is immense force in use and wont, and an agitation which commands a hundred and fifty pledged Parliamentary supporters may drag on indefinitely, long after all the life has gone out of it. There is certainly no reason to think that any large number of Englishmen are eagerly desirous of facilities for the concealment of their political opinions, but it is a fashion, inherited from the days of the Reform Bill, for Liberal constituencies to exact from Liberal candidates assent to a formula without which no Radical confession of faith is deemed complete; and few have the courage to break openly with an accredited dogma. Though it is impossible to believe in the existence of a British public which longs for the opportunity of covertly voting for politicians for whom it dare not cheer, it takes time for a superstition to die out. For many a year to come, Radical constituencies will not improbably persist in swearing their candidates on the symbol of an obsolete faith; and it is but too certain that there will always be candidates who will think Parliamentary honours cheaply won at the cost of bolting an impracticable and nugatory pledge. The mental independence which braves political ostracism rather than strain a point of conscience is a virtue which is not yet generally appreciated by our ten-pounders, and which few politicians can be expected to regard as its own sufficient reward. Meanwhile, it is consolatory to think that our institutions are strong enough to endure and survive the test to which they are put by a spurious agitation for an essentially un-English crotchet. Mr. Berkeley may bring forward his Ballot motion any number of years in succession, in empty Houses or in full Houses, and with or without a speech, and may compel three-fourths of the Liberal party in Parliament to divide with him on behalf of a project which they inwardly abominate. Nevertheless, the Ballot will not be the law of the land until the general feeling of Englishmen is in favour of the secret exercise of a public trust.

MR. HARPER TWELVETREES AT HOME.

A CONTRIBUTOR to these columns has enjoyed the distinguished honour of being for an afternoon the guest of the celebrated Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, in the grounds adjacent to his house and works at Bromley-by-Bow. That fortunate contributor has seen the great bug-destroyer, and has heard him speak; and he has come away impressed with the conviction that whenever Mr. Twelvetrees allows himself an hour's relaxation from the duty of exterminating insects, he employs it in benefiting mankind. It is a great satisfaction to have discovered at least one prophet who is honoured in his own country. The virtues of the admirable soap-powder are proclaimed upon every arch of brick-work that supports the railway, and the happy preservation of a Stilton cheese from mice by the use of the unfailing poison is commemorated in verses which adorn every available wall in Bow. The company which assembled in the grounds of Eversley House was mixed, and a considerable portion of it belonged to that class of society which is sometimes called unwashed. But although the day was close and the insect tribe might be supposed to be generally lively, the contributor did not scruple to join the crowd wherever the proceedings of the fête seemed most attractive, feeling sure that the working men of Bow had used the soap-powder freely, and that no flea would have the audacity to exist in the very presence of the scourge and terror of his race. Under such auspicious circumstances, the contributor yielded himself unreservedly to the seductive gaieties of the place. The occasion of the fête was a Temperance Demonstration of Farewell to a body of Nonconformist colonists who were to sail for New Zealand the next day. The interesting ceremony took place in a small grass-field adjoining Mr. Twelvetrees' house. This field is surrounded by brick walls, or sheds, or manufactories with tall chimneys. On one side is a row of small tenements, so placed that the occupants were able to enjoy the spectacle without paying the sixpence which was exacted at the gate. The field contained a clump of about twelve or more puny trees, from which it may be conjectured that the proprietor of the estate derives his name. Two or three tents, and a few of the usual accessories of a fair, had been provided. There was abundance of tea and coffee on sale at moderate prices, and a cask of water for gratuitous supply. Beyond the field lie the pleasure and kitchen gardens of Eversley House, and beyond the gardens sleeps the water of a canal, and beyond that again the tide ebbs and flows in Bow Creek. Visitors were allowed to walk on the garden-paths, and to enjoy a close view of Mr. Twelvetrees' dung-heaps, poultry, pigs, and cows, and to contemplate rather more distantly his dwelling-house and the laboratories where he prepares annihilation for the insect tribes. Viewed in the abstract, we should say that Bromley-by-Bow is not a picturesque spot. A small flat enclosure of coarse grass, bordered by low-class houses, factories, and a canal, demanded an interesting occasion, or a distinguished host, to make such a scene attractive; and it must be owned that not one only, but both these conditions, were fulfilled. The occasion was compared by several speakers to the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the host was declared to be "a great and good man." It was indeed necessary to admit that many changes have taken place in the interval which has elapsed between the colonization of New England and that of New Zealand. At this day, Nonconformists are not persecuted, nor are they allowed to persecute. Although their

zeal suffices, their power happily is inadequate to putting out the pipe, or cutting off the beer, of any dweller in the colony which they propose to found. Their departure from this country now needs no secrecy, and apprehends no obstruction. On the contrary, the sailing of their ships is made the occasion of a Temperance Demonstration, for which the note of preparation has been sounded wherever vermin tremble at the potent name of Twelvetrees. The ships, too, in which they sail, are large, lofty, and commodious; and, by virtue of one of the most beneficent inventions of modern times, neither rat, mouse, cockroach, nor other creeping pest will dare to consume the stores or molest the persons destined to this comfortable Nonconformist exodus. It is commonly held to be an ill omen when vermin are seen to quit a ship, but if such an occurrence happened in the East India Dock last Thursday, it may be hoped that the sailors engaged in this voyage will not have been troubled by superstitious fears, but will have ascribed the phenomenon to its true cause—the appearance of Mr. Harper Twelvetrees on the quay, to "take part in the proceedings" of bidding solemn public farewell to his emigrating co-religionists.

The contributor had too much sense of propriety to carry within the grounds of Eversley House either cigar or pipe. He was not, indeed, unaware of the disinfecting and vermin-quelling qualities of tobacco, but he felt that he should be secure alike from dirt and vexatious insects under the shadow of the awful name of Twelvetrees. Besides, he anticipated what turned out to be the case, that smoking was strictly prohibited—at least by placards—in the grounds devoted to the fête, and he did not feel quite equal to braving in his single person the wrath of the entire total-abstaining and Nonconformist body, which might have been provoked into putting out his pipe and putting him out also. More than one speaker uttered from the platform language which amounted to "Wouldn't I persecute, if I had the chance?" and, therefore, the contributor contented himself during the valedictory proceedings with looking forward to the undisturbed enjoyment of tobacco when he should have left the fête. But having before his mind this notion of the awful consequences which might follow if he lit a pipe, readers may conceive his horror when he turned round and saw a stout jovial-looking bandsman of volunteers smoking under the chairman's eye and within long range of his nose. Another bandsman soon followed the example of his portly comrade; but still it appeared probable that special indulgence might have been conceded to these persons on the score of eminent service either to their country or to the fête, and therefore doubt remained whether one who could not teach either brass or catgut to discourage either patriotism or gaiety would be held entitled to the same privilege. However, in the course of the afternoon, several visitors in plain clothes ventured to imitate the smoking volunteers. The only persecution which these voluptuaries sustained was, that a stout energetic gentleman, who had figured on the platform, came and preached to them, or drew them into discussion upon the duty of total abstinence from tobacco. The arguments which he used have been heard before, and there was not one of them so effective as that derivable from his own appearance; for he looked as if he enjoyed a healthy and unfailing appetite for food, which indeed is said to be a usual characteristic of those who abstain from smoking and strong drink. There were among the speakers on this occasion several of whom it might safely be asserted that what they ate agreed with them wonderfully, and indeed one of them complacently made mention of the three or four good meals a day to which he was in the habit of doing complete justice. This observation supplies an answer to some of the usual arguments of the total-abstainers; for if a non-smoker eats more than if he smoked, he does not save the money which his smoke would cost; and if he eats oftener, and with greater relish, he gets one sort of carnal indulgence to compensate him for giving up another. It is not meant here to imply that eating with appetite is a sin, but only that a speaker who denounces the poor workman's pipe as sensual and beastly ought to be sparing of allusions to the pleasure which he feels in ministering daily to the desires of his own capacious belly.

As the afternoon advanced, the young of both sexes had arrived in considerable numbers on the ground, and the chairman of the meeting had sense enough to see that the leave-taking business and total-abstinence polemics were becoming tedious. Indeed the flow of eloquence, or at least the due effect of it, had already been more than once impeded by the uncontrollable energy of a volunteer band. Besides this occasional interruption, it happened that the platform had been erected against the boundary wall on the other side of which stood a factory owning neither allegiance to Mr. Twelvetrees, nor sympathy with the fortunes of total-abstaining Nonconformity in New Zealand. The manager of this factory had, as it appeared, chosen that particular afternoon to get his boilers mended or renewed, and, accordingly, the speeches and readings of addresses in prose and verse were accompanied with a ceaseless clang of hammers falling on metal bolts. However, the leading orators of the occasion contended, not unsuccessfully, against these obstreperous competitors. It was only when attention had been severely tasked and all conceivable forms of valediction had been exhausted, that the younger portion of the audience ventured to betake itself to a more congenial amusement, which deserves particular observation, inasmuch as it appears to be the substitute, in total-abstaining Nonconformist circles, for that promiscuous dancing in which young people of worldly parentage and trivial

education are apt to indulge when they find themselves in the enjoyment of a band of music, an expanse of turf, and a summer sky. This amusement, which attracted ever-increasing numbers for upwards of two hours, and perhaps for a much longer time, consisted in joining hands in a large circle, and moving gently, either forwards and backwards or round and round, and often changing places either at random or according to some rule not easy for a bystander to discover. Either invariably or frequently, when a youth and maiden happened to join hands, the pair advanced into the centre of the circle and performed a kiss. The ladies did not appear to exercise much choice of partners, and certainly they did not resist the accomplishment of their partners' wishes; but on the contrary, many of them raised their veils, and slightly turned their mouths or cheeks towards advancing lips, so as to offer every facility for the osculatory process. During the greater part of the time thus occupied, a band was playing lively dance-music, but nobody seemed able or disposed to dance. There were, indeed, four young ladies performing a quadrille in an out-of-the-way spot under the wall without the aid of gentlemen; and now and then a couple who had quitted the ring would frisk for one or two moments, and then subside into a decorous walk. Nay more, a careful observer could detect in the limbs of many young females a tremulous movement, which plainly told that the owners of those limbs were not insensible to the voice of music and of nature, although restrained from yielding to it by defective education or Nonconformist prejudice. And further, several youths in volunteer costume were heard to mention that they were able to dance the polka, which accomplishment, however, they lacked the courage to display. This was the prosaic, total-abstaining, Nonconformist notion of a summer fête. The poetical and common human-nature notion of the same thing has been expressed thus:—

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.

In what some persons call polite, and others worldly, company, young gentlemen do not kiss young ladies with whom they dance, although they are at liberty to think that it would be very nice to do so. Even in what are called voluptuous dances on the wicked stage, the utmost latitude that is permitted is to intimate by expressive pantomime that a little osculation would be agreeable. But how strange it seems that those who may be fairly termed the modern representatives of the Puritans should allow what is at least capable of being viewed as an erotic development of dancing, while they prohibit only life, gaiety, and elegance! Far be it from the present writer to call the pastime which he witnessed vicious; but, if young women may be pulled about and kissed in public, why, in the name of common sense, may they not be taught to dance, so as to get rid of that lumpy, awkward look which marks the daughters of total-abstaining Nonconformist families? It may not, however, be inappropriate to remark—as a good deal was said at the meeting about the Puritan emigrants to New England—that perhaps it would not have been altogether safe to try public osculation within reach of the old Massachusetts laws.

The liberality of Mr. Harper Twelveteens induced him to lend to this Demonstration not only his tasteful grounds, and his valuable time, but also the poet whom he keeps to compose his metrical advertisements. At least it may be inferred that some of the numerous poems which were said or sung must have emanated from that bard whose daily privilege it is to sound the praises of the great bug-destroyer, the mighty cause of panic among creeping things. Among many flowers of poetry which were gathered in the field of Eversley, readers must be content with one picked from the chorus of a "Parting Hymn":—

And let the strain be echoed far from every mountain height—
Farewell, in Christian love, to all departing friends to-night.

Considering that Bromley-by-Bow lies in a marsh extending many miles along the Thames, and probably below its level, it will be seen that Echo had her work well cut out for her in the programme of the fête at Eversley. The arches of railways and the walls of factories have the faculty of reverberating sound; but such vulgar objects, although actually present, were of course invisible to the poetic eye.

THE MUSEUM READING-ROOM.

SCARCELY five years have passed since the opening of the new reading-room at the British Museum, and it is already found too small to accommodate the numbers of persons that flock to it. The complaints that have recently been addressed to our contemporaries are, in the main, well grounded. The room is nearly always crowded, and the time inevitably lost in the endeavour to obtain a book would irritate the most patient man, while in all probability the volume we may have come miles to refer to is "in hand"—that is, lying idle on a desk from which the reader took his departure hours previously. We cannot be surprised at this. It is simply a question of how many people can be gathered together within a certain space; and it is obvious that if old tickets of admission are constantly renewed, and fresh tickets constantly issued, there must come a time when ten rooms the size of the present one will not contain the readers. Seeing that tickets are granted without the least inquiry, and without any sufficient guarantee of the applicant's fitness to receive one, it seems an extraordinary arrangement to

renew all tickets indiscriminately year after year, and thus perform the process of trying to pour water into an overflowing vessel. There can be no question that the room was intended for all classes of persons who desire to study or make researches, and the assumption that "literary men" are more entitled to its use than others is simply a gratuitous piece of vanity and ignorance. There are some who insinuate, with much weak pleasantry, that the small fry of literature should be excluded from the room with the unfortunate young men upon whom a razzia has just been made; but it is unnecessary to discuss a suggestion which would simply open the door to the most intolerable favouritism and injustice. Beyond the circle of these petty jealousies the important question remains, whether or not the management of the reading-room is judicious in principle and advantageous to the sincere student. The library ought to be accessible to all literary workers, while it should be kept free from the common ruck of idlers who habitually infest every public room in the metropolis. It ought not to be turned into a free public reading-room. It should be select, but in no degree exclusive. Now, it is very plain that the regulations for the admission of readers are not at all adapted to serve these ends. In the first place, it is made too simple and easy a matter to obtain a ticket. Any householder may recommend a person, and that recommendation has practically the effect of an absolute order for a card of admission. We do not know whether tickets ever are refused, but if it be true, as we are assured it is, that between twenty and thirty thousand cards have been issued and are now held by readers, it is evident that admission is granted almost without discrimination or scruple. Every one of these tickets can be renewed at the expiration of six months, simply on the holder presenting it to a clerk in the room, and as the issue is going on at an increased rate, it seems not unlikely that the entire building will be required for the readers before very long.

If the authorities could trust to the good sense and discretion of the public in giving recommendations, or if they had any reasonable ground for confidence that the readers themselves would not abuse the privileges of the library, there might be no great danger in giving out the tickets lavishly; but the trustees ought to have found out by this time that stringent regulations are all that they have to place dependence on. The readers are unfair to each other in keeping on their desks books for which they have no use, and the public sometimes recommend for admission people who can only be trusted so long as they are watched by an attendant. Fourteen different recommendations were received not long ago from one person in a single day. This conscientious man did his best to spread learning and knowledge, and there are many others who hold the reading-room in the same estimation as himself. The result is, that persons swarm to the library who have no business there, and who act as nuisances and obstructions to those who have real work to do. Books are stolen or defaced, maps are pillaged, and pictures are abstracted. One man was so objectionable in appearance and manners that he was overhauled by an attendant, and found to have an active colony of vermin beneath his coat collar. Another used to copy sermons at eighteenpence each, but, as the day was not long enough to enable him to execute all his commissions, he was accustomed to cut a number of sermons out of the volumes in order to carry on his scavenging in his own garret. Once the officials of the library were astonished and perplexed to find the letter "L" written after the "K" (*κατα*) placed on the title-pages of the books to signify that they are included in the catalogue. After some time it was found that one of the readers whose initials were "K. L." had taken this mode of handing down to future generations the first letters of his name. One cannot but regret that the Trustees did not further gratify so natural a desire by publishing the name and address of this sinner without abridgement. The miserable tribe who take up their lodgings during the day at the Museum are at the bottom of half the overcrowding. They would probably like the room still better if a billiard-table were placed in one portion of it; and perhaps the Trustees will gratify even this desire eventually.

The Trustees now find themselves driven to a desperate extremity. They have built a large house, and dragged in the halt, the lame, and the blind from the highways to fill it, till at last they discover that they are overrun with their mob of guests. In this exigency, it has occurred to them that a sweeping measure against one particular class will relieve them from the difficulty, and they have therefore resolved that, for the future, all persons under twenty-one years of age shall be excluded from the library, unless under special circumstances. Nothing can be more short-sighted than this regulation, unless, indeed, it be their original policy. Can it be seriously thought that the exclusion of young persons will even perceptibly relieve the pressure on the resources of the reading-room? It has been truly urged that the aged might as well be included in the edict; and we believe that less mischief would be occasioned by turning out this last class of readers, for, in the one case, the hope and promise of a life may be destroyed, while in the other nothing worse than a little inconvenience would be caused. What right had the Trustees to expect any other result of their reckless method of giving tickets than that which now dismays and baffles them? Their room, they tell us, will hold but 300 conveniently, and yet they are so lavish with their orders of admission that sometimes 700 readers present themselves in a day. Their present remedy is the most preposterous attempt to get rid of the consequences of previous folly that we can recall to our recollection. The new regulation would have excluded William Pitt when he was laying the basis of his fame, and not very

long before his talents dazzled the House of Commons. The apology for the measure is that young persons attend the Museum for the purpose of pursuing elementary studies; but is there no way of getting rid of these without exterminating the whole class? It is visiting a large number with a severe penalty for the transgressions of a few—a hap-hazard kind of justice that will operate more harshly on the innocent than on the guilty. Whose was the ingenious mind that suggested this new massacre of the innocents we are unable to say; but that the Trustees ought at once to disavow the act is a conclusion to which every unprejudiced man must come. Is there any *prima facie* reason why a young man should not turn the library to as good an account as an old one? Can the library be desecrated worse than it is now by the "loafers" whom the Trustees have cordially welcomed? It is a flagrant subterfuge to allege that the object of the regulation is not to exclude all persons under twenty-one, but only a few; for, if this be so, how can the Trustees pretend that they have struck at the root of the evil? Why introduce the rule at all if it is not intended to carry it out? It must have been designed to deter young men from applying for admission, and it is impossible to regard this as anything but a most objectionable and futile step. It will not surely be maintained that young men at Oxford or Cambridge have less claim to be admitted to the library than the hacks and novel-readers who revel in a kind of literary dissipation, and bemuddle their brains in the reading-room day after day? At an age when the fruits of good reading are easily stored up, the student will be turned away from the doors of the Museum. In no other country would such a wretched policy be tolerated, and it will be surprising if our own Legislature will suffer the Trustees to impair the usefulness of a national institution without rebuke or remonstrance.

The truth is, that some person or persons in office have been trifling very foolishly with the library. The last device to restrict its advantages is to close the room to the readers at five, in order that "the public" may be admitted. Formerly, an order to see the room could be readily obtained by visitors, but this was not deemed sufficient. Now, at a quarter to five, bells are rung, and an irruption of workmen armed with cord takes place, as though a Turkish system of coercion were about to be employed on readers who are dilatory in leaving their desks. Then a tumult of noises is purposely created, the chairs and pens are taken away, and those who have been engaged at public offices during the day, and depended on working from five to six, as heretofore, or students who have travelled from a distance to consult a book, are shown to the door by the policemen. The room is corded round to keep back the mob who are nightly expected to come, but who never do come; a staff of constables march in; the chairs are wheeled against the presses; everybody looks to the door expecting to see a rush of visitors like that into the pit of a theatre; and after all this preparation and fuss some old women, a dejected-looking foreigner, a soldier with the chosen of his heart, and two or three children belonging to no one in particular, wander into the room and stare vacantly at the books. The whole thing is a ridiculous mistake. It was by far the best and most convenient plan to give strangers orders at any time of the day which suited them best, for their presence just within the door interrupted no one, and readers had full advantage of the long hours in the summer months. Now one precious hour is taken from them for the sake of "conferring a privilege" which no one wanted, and which consequently no one appreciates.

It is pitiable to see these errors in the management of the noblest library in the world, and it is not easy to point out the precise person who ought to be condemned for them. The Trustees nominally responsible for every regulation are the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, but most people will find it hard to believe that these functionaries could have suggested, or even approved, the arrangements referred to. Who, then, is the Herod that has vowed a vow of extermination against the youth of the library? And who is the originator of the early-closing movement? It cannot be the Archbishop or Mr. Gladstone, and we are loth to attribute measures so unwise and short-sighted even to Lord Westbury. Will Mr. Panizzi own to the merit of having discovered the way to render the room serviceable to all and interesting to the public? If so, it will only be fair to place his bust in some conspicuous portion of the room, while the excluded young men would probably like to have an opportunity of expressing their sense of his talent for administration. There is one gentleman whom we cannot but believe innocent of all participation in these recent rules—one who has had better opportunities than others for observing the true causes of the evils complained of, and whose experience should enable him to introduce a better system. We refer to the superintendent of the room, Mr. Watts—an invaluable officer of the library, both on account of his learning and the courtesy with which he renders information to students who have necessity to seek it. Has Mr. Watts been consulted in the late changes? If not, it is the plain duty of the Trustees to avail themselves of his experience, and disregard for once the officials who have now complicated the difficulties which they originally introduced.

THE EXHIBITORS AT BROMPTON.

WE may now consider the Royal Commissioners as *functi officio*. Their apologists announce that their function is at an end. They have done their last and little possible to make the Great Exhibition a success or a failure; and they have, in confessing their inability—or, as others say, their unwillingness—to recall their blunders or the results of their blunders, set the seal on their own

inefficiency. They have so far admitted the force of public opinion in the matter of the so-called nave "trophies," that they have done just enough in the way of reform to prove their own incapacity; but they have shown that they set themselves rules, or entered into engagements with the exhibitors, which preclude them from retrieving their mistakes. The food trophy remains scarcely less offensive than when it was first built, and in one of the most prominent stalls of the nave there still remains a disgusting collection of sanitary conveniences and medical instruments which ought to have been consigned to the darkest corner of the most distant galleries. The oil paintings remain exposed to the chances of weather, and the visitors to the picture galleries are, and are likely to continue, liable to all the rheumatic affections which all the winds can blow on their legs. We must give up, for the moment, remonstrance or appeal with an obstinate and incapable executive. It may be well, however, to cast a bird's-eye view on the contents of the Exhibition generally, especially as contrasted with that of 1851.

We hardly know why it is, but the first impression conveyed is that the whole thing is much more strongly stamped with the commercial aspect than its predecessor. The vulgar character of the building is what, perhaps, first suggests this feeling to the visitor. Few people care much about the look of a shop if they are satisfied with its wares, and possibly Captain Fowke may have had this fact in his mind when designing "the vastness of that tremendous hall" at Brompton. He may have thought that it was better to concentrate attention on the jewels rather than on the casket. If so, he is to be congratulated. Nobody's admiration, as in Sir Joseph Paxton's beautiful house, will be attracted to the building rather than to its contents. And so it comes to pass that we have now a vast aggregate of shops and counters—a gigantic bazaar—a complete and exhaustive specimen of Regent Street, the Strand, and Aldermanbury. There is comparatively little which could not be found elsewhere. The streets of London, Paris, and Vienna, the warehouses of Manchester and Lyons, the factories of the Clyde and Liege, would tell us all that we are told at Brompton. The value—an immense value, we admit—of the Exhibition is merely that of bringing all the shopkeepers of the world into direct and immediate contrast and competition. It is a display of the extant and living capabilities of manufacture, and, in a less measure, of the science and art of the day. The aim is a highly important one, and it is, perhaps, all the better brought out because the present Exhibition does not, as was the case with its predecessor, contain specimens of ancient art of historical importance. Everything, or nearly everything, on show is made to be sold, and it is with a single and keen eye to business and to frequent entries in the very practical ledger that the exhibitors have come forward. Each object of fancy or skill, taste, rarity, or usefulness, is on sale, or will be supplied in duplicate to order. There is, therefore, a busy hum of business going on at every stall; and the market aspect is everywhere pleasantly visible. The value of these decennial Exhibitions, if they are to become decennial, must now be recognised as purely commercial. They constitute a huge illustrated advertisement and little else. And, so considered, the display is most creditable to the industry, skill, and intelligence of the world. As a register of accomplished labour, and of the uses to which capital, whether in the shape of money, credit, science, or experience, can be put—and also as a point in history from which the advance of civilization and humanity can be surveyed—these Great International Exhibitions fulfil a high purpose in the interests of mankind. Nor must the credit due to the exhibitors be denied, though we cannot assign higher motives to their zeal and activity than a prudent regard to their trading reputation.

It is of higher importance to compare ourselves with our competitors of 1862 than with our old selves of 1851. Speaking generally, we ought to have advanced at a greater pace than any other country. We have had not only a good start, but all sorts of correlative and almost accidental chances of the field in our favour. Since 1851, we have had the full benefit of free trade, of the gold discoveries, of increased facilities of communication by railway, electric telegraph, and, more recently, by cheap diffusion of knowledge in consequence of the repeal of the paper-duty. We have had a foreign war and a devastating mutiny in the East; but our competitors in the trade of the world have suffered more than ourselves by the brief cloud of the Crimea. Russia and Austria have been severely crippled by domestic sufferings, and if we have had one war, France has had two, while Italy is slowly passing through that stage of national regeneration which is the least favourable to economical and commercial successes. What America has done we cannot ascertain. Not only has she something else to think of than to make entries in the great European stakes, but we must conclude that her commercial activity is paralysed in the din of fraternal strife. All these considerations are so many points of the game in our favour. We ought not only to hold our own—not only to be ahead of all competitors—but our advances ought to have been in an increased proportion to those of our rivals. On the whole, it may be an interesting question whether we have made full use of these many opportunities. It will be hardly enough to point out the departments in which we are superior—what we want to know is whether we are so far superior as our exceptional advantages within the last eleven years required us to be. We are disposed to doubt whether this can be safely pronounced.

Without over-refining on the matter, the question is a difficult one. In many branches of production it is all but impossible for manufacture to advance beyond a certain point. In cotton fabrics, in woollen wares, and in the common things of

life, such as daily clothing, the ordinary furniture of dwellings, the universal chemicals, and the simplest applications of metal manufactures, there is a point beyond which it is apparently impossible to advance. The first who gets to the top of the tree must expect to see the slower climbers eventually gain the same level. Something of this sort may be said of English manufacture as compared with foreign. In most of such things as we have specified, we must expect a general levelling of prices and quality at least in Europe. We have for some time gained this level, and we now seem to find that other people are rapidly attaining it also. We very much doubt whether, in second-class productions, generally speaking, we are very much ahead of other commercial countries. We have still the pull, as it is said, on the opposition shops, because, against their cheapness of labour, we have cheapness in machinery and in mechanical substitutes for labour. Generally speaking, therefore, in such products as we have named, the test of our relative advance, as compared with other nations, is not so much whether our goods are better—which may be fairly doubted—as whether they are more cheaply made. Unless we know all about the processes employed and the price current of the manufacture, it is of little use instituting comparisons between Lancashire wares and those exhibited by the Zollverein. The value of the Exhibition would be enlarged could such comparisons be tested by pricing every article exhibited—the prices, of course, being computed on a common standard of money, weight, and measure.

Were we called upon to pronounce a single judgment on the general result—a judgment which, because it is so general, must be taken as subject to abatements and qualifications as applied to special departments—we should say that in first-class works, and in the highest branches of manufacture, we have made sufficient and even notable advances; but that, in the ordinary second-class or medium products, the English manufacturers have either stood still or others have run us a dead heat. We are substantially, in common wares, either not ahead of Germany and France, and Europe generally, or not more ahead than we were in 1851. Let us take, for instance, the departments which seem to be most popular. In silver and gold plate, we may, in the persons of our chief exhibitors—Garrard, Hunt and Roskell, and Hancock—claim the prize. In jewellery we may possibly allow the great Roman artist, or the Parisian chef, to equal, perhaps to surpass us; but in glass our first-class productions absolutely distance the field. In ceramic ware, nothing exhibited by foreigners comes up to our very best manufactures from Worcester—the names of Minton and Copeland admit of no rivalry for the choicest porcelain. But when we descend from these lofty achievements of the highest art and the highest skill, we have little to boast of. The French second-class silver work is far better than our own ordinary productions. The Italian and German pottery of common life is often as good as, if not sometimes better than our own. In second-rate furniture we can boast no special excellence. The Austrian glass is nearly as good as ours, and, bearing in mind the price, is superior to the English. There is but little to choose between common Belgian iron work and cutlery and our own. If Mr. Skidmore's iron screen of hammered work stands on an unapproachable pre-eminence, there are many rougher pieces of iron manufacture sent by our neighbours which leave us, in the corresponding classes of products, no reason for boasting. We are not sure that our best silk fabrics are not the best in every sense of the word, but we are equally certain that, in the markets of the world, we shall not have the command for medium qualities. Even in the manufacture of steel and iron, though we have not forgotten the costly Bessemer process, there are some pieces of foreign machinery which may shatter some of our complacency. In a word, if in many, though by no means in all, branches of manufacture, we have the first-class mainly to ourselves, there will be a general bracketing in the second and lower classes. This is a sobering reflection, since, for the tens who buy first-rate goods, there are the ten thousand in the world's markets who must be content with ordinary wares.

THE COACH AND THE RAIL.

MANY of us have a pretty distinct recollection of the trials of stage-coach travelling, and marvel at the exemplary patience with which we endured them. But, after all, the patience was not so very wonderful. Certainly we travelled in spite of snow, rain, and wind outside, and cramped limbs and suffocating heat inside. We did not give way to impotent rage, nor call upon the guard to stop the coach, like the lady who adjured the men at the helm to stop the *Great Eastern* in the middle of the Atlantic. We accepted our troubles because there really was no help for it. It was a choice of mounting the coach or trudging on our own legs. This conviction had a sedative influence on the minds of the most irritable. Even the wretched little urchin bound for school, fresh from the soft embrace of mother and sisters, and all the comforts of home, took the hardships of his journey as a matter of course. Very different is the lot of a modern schoolboy. Instead of being perched atop of a lumbering coach, pinched with cold, and sometimes drenched to the skin from dawn to sunset, the young gentleman of the present day takes up his position in a first-class carriage, wraps a railway rug of glossy texture round his knees, skims through a shilling novel, or studies the telegrams of the day, and if the pace is less than thirty miles an hour threatens to report the matter to the directors.

In the olden time, the inside of the coach was sometimes worse than the outside. A sickening atmosphere, distorted limbs, and

compression of the whole frame, were not the only evils. There was the stout man who persisted in dropping off asleep and falling heavily on your shoulder—apologizing with a spasmodic grunt and repeating the offence five minutes afterwards. There was the old lady who could not sit with her face to the horses, because of the draught from the window, and who was taken exceedingly poorly when she attempted to ride backwards. There were the two school girls whose hilarious merriment cheered your very soul until you suddenly discovered they were both of them just out of the scarlet-fever. There was the man with the mottled complexion who drank British brandy out of a narrow-necked flask, and made amends for spilling it on your fawn-coloured trousers by pressing you to have a sup. Then, ever and anon, came that inevitable baby in the arms of a nurse, who, puffed-up with a sense of her importance, coolly used your knee as a peg on which to hang baby's flannels, or diverted baby's attention from its own little sorrows by encouraging it to laugh at the expression of your countenance or the peculiarity of your profile, and finally presented it with the handle of your umbrella to mumble between its toothless gums. Babies are, no doubt, encountered in railway carriages. But then you are very unlucky if you cannot make your escape to another compartment, or at least retire to a respectful distance. In the old stage coach, the trial to one's temper, and the bane to one's comfort, as an inside passenger, consisted in proximity. There was no escaping from one's companions. If one stirred an inch, the movement was a matter of interest, if not of real importance, to one's three fellow passengers. The instinctive feeling of an average Englishman, when thrown into juxtaposition with a person unknown to him, is that of Orlando in *As You Like It*—"I do desire we may be better strangers." The feeling may be right or wrong, but it is on the whole a thoroughly English feeling; and one of the trials of stage-coach travelling was the difficulty in giving this instinctive feeling due indulgence. In a narrow space, foot to foot with a fellow passenger, total silence continued hour after hour becomes at length oppressive. The most reserved individual is gradually seized with a morbid anxiety to hear his own voice, or that of his companion. The man who travelled one dark night inside the mail with a person whom he took to be a taciturn foreigner in a fur cloak, much given to snoring, no doubt felt positively relieved when the taciturnity of his companion was explained at break of day by the discovery that he was a large bear, muzzled and chained, *en route* for a provincial menagerie.

Without anticipating an awkward *rencontre* of this kind, even in third-class railway carriages, it is perhaps wise to avoid, when travelling by night, a carriage occupied by only one passenger, male or female. *Tête-à-tête* more exciting than agreeable have occurred in railway carriages even in broad daylight. It is not very long ago that a first-class passenger was unfavourably impressed by the manner and general appearance of his only companion in the carriage. The suspicion seized him that the man was insane. Another moment, and suspicion was changed to certainty by his suddenly producing an open knife, and cheerfully informing the unhappy gentleman that his hour was come. We have always admired the presence of mind of the intended victim under these embarrassing circumstances. He gravely suggested the propriety of first offering up a prayer. Fortunately, the madman was struck by the reasonableness of the proposal, and, both kneeling down, the gentleman took care to prolong his devotions until succour was at hand. It has been urged that the foreign arrangement of a platform or gallery running along the outside of railway carriages might be usefully introduced in this country. At present, in case of fire, a broken spring, or other emergency, the only resource is to place a lady to scream continuously out of one window, and a gentleman to wave vehemently a shawl or a hat out of the other, as a signal of distress. It is, however, to be remembered that the gallery has one drawback—it provides, indeed, a means of egress, but it also affords facilities for ingress. The French judge brutally murdered in the railway from Lyons to Paris some months ago had expressly asked the guard to put him in a carriage by himself, as he wished to get some sleep. By means of this gallery, and under the shade of night, the assassin obtained entrance to the judge's carriage, and slew him as he slept. Some mode of conveying a signal to the guard is, perhaps, the best protection for passengers, and until it be provided, we recommend those who travel by night to select a crowded carriage. Once properly settled, and your belongings judiciously stowed away, you are, generally speaking, almost as comfortable as if you had the carriage to yourself. There is commonly plenty of space, and you may frustrate any attempts at loquacious familiarity by feigning to study a book, or closing your eyes in slumber, real or assumed. We have never found much advantage accrue from showing any extra politeness to railway companions. An old lady once asked us, as a particular favour, to give her change for half a sovereign. In a moment of weak goodnature we assented, and the worthy lady rewarded us by sincere expressions of gratitude. Presently, however, she began to be fidgety. She took out her purse again, and counted her money twice over. She shook her dress, and dived into her pockets, and turned her gloves inside out, then abruptly turned round upon us, and accused us of not giving her full change. There was considerable fuss, but the matter ended in the old lady's discovering the missing coin on the floor beneath her feet. This incident has had a salutary effect in checking our anxiety to be useful on such occasions.

One advantage of companions is that you can pick up information in a district new to you, and secure yourself against some of the petty misfortunes of the rail—such as omitting to get out at the station you are bound for, or taking great pains to alight at the sta-

tion you are not bound for. The story of the English lady in the train from Brussels to Ostend is not inappropriate. She complained to a fellow-countryman, who chanced to get into the carriage, that the scenery of Belgium was provokingly monotonous, and the towns characterized by extraordinary sameness of aspect. On that very day she had passed two towns precisely similar to each other, and tracts of country that were almost identical in appearance. Her companion was puzzled, but on further inquiry discovered that his fair countrywoman, whose proper destination was Ostend, had neglected to alight when the train stopped there, and had been wafted back to Brussels, and from thence once more propelled on her journey to Ostend in happy unconsciousness that she was going over the same ground again. The gentleman explained the matter as clearly as he could, and the lady appeared relieved and grateful. But, in the confusion of alighting at Ostend, he lost sight of her for a few minutes, and when he returned to the train to offer assistance, the train had backed, and was once more starting for Brussels. There, in the carriage from which she had not stirred, sat the deluded lady, with a countenance plainly expressive of increasing wonder at the remarkable monotony of the scenery between Brussels and Ostend. It is not known how many mistakes of a somewhat similar kind are perpetrated. People are ashamed to confess the blunders they have made. Sometimes the unlucky man who has been whirled thirty miles further than he wished affects to make light of it. We remember a quiet-looking man getting into a carriage at Gloucester, and as soon as the train was well under way for Bristol, remarking, "Dear me, I thought this was the Cheltenham train!" His fellow-travellers proffered their sympathy, but the quiet-looking man deprecated all commiseration by assuring us, with some earnestness, that it did not "signify a straw." We fear this statement was not strictly consistent with truth, and that the poor man's heart was secretly wrung with dismay at the vision of a terrified household sitting up all night in vain expectation of his return, and an hysterical materfamilias accusing him of clandestinely rushing to Bristol in pursuit of pleasure or dissipation.

The practice of feigning railway servants is denounced by some as not only contrary to regulation, but hostile to morality. Something may be said on the other side of the question. No Company has any business to demand impossibilities, or to exact greater self-denial than can reasonably be expected of imperfect human beings. If it does so, we may be sure that the law will be universally ignored, and the breach of it will cease to be morally wrong. Practically, the by-law forbidding money to be given to railway servants means just this—that the servants have no right to expect a fee, and if they accept it they accept it at their peril. The general public do not suffer by the liberality of a few. Porters cannot always read the character or foretell the intentions of first-class travellers, and the prospect of a possible "tip" stimulates them to that degree of activity which, in England at all events, is rarely obtained without it. We have been sometimes astonished at the very small pecuniary compliment which suffices to quicken the movements and expand the heart of railway officials of a higher grade than the humble porter. A splendid specimen of railway guard—what is called in short "a perfect swell"—put his head into a first-class carriage, in which a young officer in plain clothes was one of the inmates. The latter had the audacity to tender him a "tip." Was it a five-pound note? Anything less would have seemed an insult. No; the exact sum was sixpence. And the railway guard accepted the coin with a murmur of grateful emotion, and a countenance suffused with satisfaction. We once were guilty of tipping the wrong man. Two trains had met, and we unluckily selected the railway guard who had done nothing for us, in place of the guard who had done a good deal. The man accepted the fee with polite promptitude, imagining possibly that the donor was some benevolent traveller, uneasy if he allowed a day to pass without conferring happiness on somebody or other. But the right man presently learnt what had happened, and a rather interesting controversy arose. Here was one railway guard, who had not only broken the Company's laws, but virtually obtained money under false pretences, and another who protested against being defrauded of what, if restored to him, would have rendered him liable to be dismissed the Company's service. There was a rather warm discussion conducted *sotto voce* on the railway platform, and ending in the interloper handsomely resigning his ill gotten gains to the possession of the lawful claimant.

It is strange that, notwithstanding the fearful accidents that from time to time diversify the routine of railway travelling, grievances of a petty character are those that sometimes cause the most disturbance in the minds of the travelling public. An accidental delay in the arrival of a train, the admission of a drunken grazier into a first-class carriage, the exposure for sale of a plate of stale sandwiches at Swindon, cause as much angry disturbance as a railway smash of considerable severity. People know that there will be an official inquiry into the railway accident—a coroner's inquest and a Government Inspector sent down. There will be solicitors to watch the case on behalf of the company or of the friends of the sufferers. There will be a couple of columns in the London papers for at least a week, giving full and particular accounts of the proceedings, and in the case of the penny periodicals, furnishing various minutiae interesting to the general reader—such as the name, age, and family history of the manufacturer responsible for the locomotives, the personal appearance, religious denomination, and general antecedents of the engine-driver who drove the train, together with some slight but affecting incidents in the early life of the stoker who saved himself from certain death by gallantly leaping into the middle of

a quickset hedge. There will be a long tissue of gossip collected by Our Special Correspondent, including the private impressions entertained for several days previous by two respectable old ladies from the Borough, and an alarming dream communicated by a small boy who was not aware that anything had happened until lifted out of the train in a state of stupefaction, superinduced by plum-cake and lollypops. All these particulars afford a vent for public excitement. Everybody feels satisfied that the matter will be fully investigated—everybody scans the report of the coroner's inquest—everybody wades through the contributions of special or occasional correspondents. Long before the inquest is concluded, or at all events long before the Government Inspector's report is divulged, the public have begun to weary of the "Great Greensand Junction" disaster, and are turning their attention to some new subject of interest. In the case of minor grievances or less conspicuous mischances, we feel that there is less hope of attracting the attention of the public, and our uproar is proportionably louder. Men, day after day, pen angry protestations against the inebriated grazier, or expatiate, in terms of savage indignation, on the plate of stale sandwiches. But the terrible railway accident is apt to fade from our recollection in a cloud of conflicting statements and a maze of wearisome repetitions.

In plain language, the curse of railway management is simply this—directors appear to attach far greater importance to a high dividend than to the safety of the public. This is not the occasion to consider the various contrivances by which security of life and limb might be increased fourfold. Of the actual fact there is no doubt, and future generations will marvel at our tranquil submission to railway calamities more or less preventible, just as we ourselves look back with pity and contempt at the miseries of stage-coach travellers, and muse upon the force of habit and the supineness of English human nature.

PALL-MALL PICTURE GALLERIES.

IN the French Gallery, which may claim our first notice among the exhibitions of which we have now to speak, the visitor is fortunately not overwhelmed with numbers, and the pictures are mostly of either a moderate or diminutive size. With the exception of Gallait's fine picture, "A Roman Mother" (No. 76), it may be observed that, as they increase in scale, the pictures in this collection become weaker and more and more deficient in artistic merit. Cases in point may be cited in Edward May's large and unreal picture of "Lady Jane Grey" (118), and in the voluptuous figures of "Bathers," by A. Riedel (139). The style of drawing in Gallait's picture above-mentioned is of the highest order. The Campagna and Alban Hills in the distance, together with the Titianesque infant in the mother's lap, and the luminous character of her complexion, mark a comprehensive grasp of all the excellences of the older Italian masters. To pass at once from the great and good, we come to the very small but admirably finished pictures by Meissonier. Here we find truth, character, refinement, finish, and intensity of colour, all combined in their just and true proportions. The "Corps de Garde" (119), vivid and clear as David Teniers at his best period, possesses a singular richness and harmony of colour; but the worn subject, consisting of "Soldiers of the Olden Time playing at Cards and Drinking," fails to awaken our sympathy, and leaves nothing beyond its artistic superiorities for our admiration. "Punch" also (No. 120), a jolly old man dressed in the costume of that personage, seated in a chair and laughing at the spectator, is excellent. His roguish eye and joyous look cannot fail to provoke mirth in the spectator. The picture glows with colour and intense reality. But it is *genre* and nothing more. "The Flute-Player" (121), an elderly man standing at a music-desk, is sadder and more solemn. The tones of this little picture have a greater tendency to the rich gravity of Terburgh's manner, and indeed, whilst looking at these works, it is hardly possible to resist comparing them with their prototypes in style, if not in refinement of subject—the great old masters of the Dutch school. Those minute French painters seem to have imbibed the full spirit of the early Hollanders, just as Overbeck rekindles the inspirations of the purer Italian painters. That he who paints large can at any time reduce himself with equal success to the small, is shown in the excellent little picture by H. Leys of "Paul Potter in his Studio" (114). The painter is seated at a table-easel with one of his characteristic pictures and a small sketch before him. It was painted, we observe by the signature, in 1853; but might, in respect of style and colour, have belonged to the age of Potter himself; and here again, for dignity and sobriety of colour, the paintings of Terburgh recur to the spectator. A small picture by Pécrus, a young lady standing reading a paper or a letter (130), and another by the same artist, of a lady who has just taken a volume from a book-cabinet, are charming examples of refinement and exquisite finish on a small scale. Two minute and excellent pictures by Ruiperez, a pupil of Meissonier—"Soldiers Playing at Dice in a Guard-Room" (141), and a music lesson, where a gentleman and lady are seated together at a table (142)—show first-rate ability, and evince a near approach to the peculiar merits of his master. Different in style, and especially of colour, are the pictures of Trayer. They represent refined domestic subjects in a solid crayon-like method of painting. "The Bracelet" (171), and the "Young Family" (169), are remarkably pure and clear. Troyon exhibits a powerful picture of oxen ploughing (172), seen in sunlight with a heavy grey sky behind, and a bright sunny picture also of cattle in

pasture (173), with a glittering sea-beach in the distance. Bright spring is well painted by Lambinet in a river scene near Bougival (98). It is more successful than his morning scene, "The Isle of Croissy" (97). Fichel has chosen a subject of considerable difficulty in "A Guard's Mess-room on the Anniversary of a Victory" (59), where the officers are seen at the height of excitement, folly, and helplessness after long and deep potations. The picture contains every variety of mode in which inebriety would seem to act upon men of good breeding. They are all gentlemen, and the utmost decorum and a sort of high-bred stateliness is preserved throughout. Of a widely different period, and painted with great license as well as knowledge of antique habits of life, is Gérôme's "House of Aspasia at Athens" (77). The idea of the composition seems to have been suggested by the well-known bassorelievo of "Bacchus visiting Icarus," where the bulky figure of the Dionysos is replaced by Socrates, who seems trying to draw away a youth, perhaps intended for Alcibiades, reclining on a couch with a female lying on his lap in the manner of Erigone in the antique sculpture. A colossal Satyr's head of white marble is placed on a pedestal at the side of the door, and serves by its introduction to mark the frequently observed resemblance of the Socratic countenance to that peculiar race. As in the "Ave Caesar," and "The Death of Caesar," M. Gérôme has invested his subject with reality. His extensive knowledge of the external objects of antiquity enables him to place so much novelty before us, and with so much probability from his artistic power, that we readily accept, and almost pass unquestioned, what he chooses to provide. The polychromatic architecture in the distance is not overdone. The extensive veil shading the principal figures is judiciously arranged, but good taste demurs to the nude and rather faunlike girl standing beside the philosopher. The picture, which is far from bright, possesses a decided peculiarity of tone. It may be considered as the most comprehensive and original work in the gallery. More in our own time, real and true, with a wonderful vividness of colour, is Delamarre's "Lantern Painter" (39)—a Chinaman seated at his occupation. "The Last Experiments of Bernard Palissy," by Vetter (186), is dramatically conceived. The potter, haggard, but with concentrated energy of expression in his countenance, is seated alone before his rude furnace. His household, with the curé and two farmers, stand behind at a distance, indicating by their different attitudes various conjectures. None, however, are so determined and conclusive as the wife, whose temper is strongly marked, and already known to the readers of his memoirs. "Michel Angelo in his Studio" (21) is a conspicuous failure. The great Florentine contemplates his work with satisfaction. The statue of Moses, intended to be only rough-hewn, has the appearance of a statue wrapped up in bands of tow, and the entrance of the Pope Julius and two Cardinals fails to attract the notice of the sharp, and, at that period, far from aged sculptor.

We pass from foreign art to a separate apartment, where, alone in its glory, and sparkling with incident, will be found "The Derby Day." We need hardly dilate here upon the general feeling of hilarity, the brightness of sunshine, and the moving crowds, all of which have been over and over dwelt upon. We still gaze without sympathy or commiseration upon the poor young dupe sent wondering away from the group of sharpers. The infantine acrobat gazing wistfully upon the savoury pie, or the pleasing group of beauty, rank, and fashion assembled on the other side, only revive the impressions which the picture produced in all its freshness at the Academy Exhibition two years ago. Our present object is to compare it with its successor, and so to speak, rival—the "Railway Station," now on view in the Haymarket within a very short distance. The contrast between the two pictures at first sight is very striking. On passing from the "Derby" to the "Railway Station," the latter appears quiet and comparatively empty. The figures seem wider apart, and fewer in proportion to the given space. But, on further consideration, this will be found to arise from a deliberate method adopted by the artist. The crowd, as far as the platform of a station will allow, is equally great, and the artist did not assume to himself the ordinary privilege of an impossible point of view. The sloping line of carriages composing the train about to start, with the puffing engine at the further end, does not afford an opportunity for brilliant colouring, and the grey roofing of the station, with the handsome globular glasses for the gas-lamps hanging above, will look far better in the engraving than the picture itself. The various incidents depicted are not only strictly natural, but admirably arranged and judiciously brought together. The bustling fussy old woman steadying her load of bandboxes, which the porter whisks along faster than she can well follow, and the foreigner and his wife pursued by the cabman for an increase of payment, form a solid and well-contrasted central group in the foreground. The bride parting from her girlhood's companions exhibits the extremity of sorrow on her countenance without marring the exquisite beauty of her features. In the face of the detected swindler, whose expression is the only discordant part of the picture, we perceive with some satisfaction that the man is of a different race from our own. There is a strong African tinge about his physiognomy. We need not dwell upon the manual dexterity of the painting, the excellence with which the various textures are rendered, or the conscientious finish with which Mr. Frith has invested every portion of his underdrawing. It is, in truth, a valuable portrait of our time, and may, in a very few years, acquire an additional interest as a record of what railway travelling was in its first period of

complete development. The "Derby Day" is nevertheless more animated, more varied, and more generally cheerful. The clear open sky and the pleasant breeze, shown by the fluttering motion of veils, flags and the delicate parasols, are far more agreeable both to the sight and to the imagination than the heavy and not very felicitously painted roof of the Paddington Station. Surely the artist might have let in a stronger effect of daylight among these girdlers! On the racecourse, too, the various classes of spectators are shown under one influence. On the railway platform the word "Departure" affects each class and every subject in a different manner. To depict and arrange these varieties harmoniously and truthfully has been the painter's task, and in working out these various emotions Mr. Frith has achieved his greatest success. Towards this end he has brought to bear a large amount of philosophy and a genuine poetic feeling. Pictures like this and the "Derby Day" have an interest which never can attach to scenes of bye-gone times, which, notwithstanding the most scrupulous attention to costume and accessories, will always look artificial and betray the period when painted, both by the bearing of the actors introduced and by the point of view which the artist himself has chosen. Such works will always remain like stage plays, where the familiar tones of actors' voices negative the sight and break the illusion.

After the "Railway Station," we visit the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, which lurks in a shady corner of Suffolk Street. Of any picture in this collection it would be impossible to speak in terms of special commendation. Perhaps none, considering the large letters of the President's name attached to them, are more deserving of reprobation than (347) and (375), portraits of two children. Deficiencies of drawing and execution, and a total want of reality, become unpardonable in the head of a society, where naturally the best places are awarded to him. Dark and dingy, careless and slovenly, are also the portraits of a gentleman and daughter (225) and "The Queen of the Gipsies" (104). Mr. Heaphy in "The Lady of Cattaro" (204), seems unfortunately to have caught this contagion of making complexions dingy, as if by heavy glazing of a dirty black varnish finally spread over the flesh tints. "The Enid" (236) and "Elaine" (156), by L. Desanges, are poor and artificial. The latter is but pretty masquerading. Amateur-like and flimsy are M. J. R. Swinton's portraits (69 and 273). He seems to mistake careless indifference for mastery. In the last-mentioned picture, a portrait of Mrs. Dudley Marjoribanks, nothing can be worse than the trees and curtain which mar the effect of her figure. After these unsatisfactory productions, it is agreeable to turn for relief to the fresh green of Vicat Cole's "Brook" (97) and Rossiter's minute picture, "The Man in Authority" (35), and "News From the Camp" (533). These are truthful in their way. The latter, however, exhibits a decided French tendency. A pleasing, but, we fear, somewhat tricky, picture of a young lady lying in bed reading a letter, under the delicious shade of a pink curtain, by W. M. Hay (417), is entitled "Love's Young Dream." There is also much excellence in the contributions of W. Bromley, especially "Oughts and Crosses" (34), "The Five Senses" (119), and the "Opera Box" (303). The "Opera Box" exhibits two ladies, evidently portraits, seated in stately decorum. The fault of these pictures is that they are invested with a uniform brightness of colour, and want at the same time absolute rotundity and relief of forms.

Mr. Roberts' "Return of the Lost Sailor" (92), notwithstanding a tendency to exaggeration of expression, and the clumsy expedient of the inscription "Widow" on the door, which a widow's cap fallen to the ground would much more delicately have conveyed, may fairly be regarded as the best picture in the exhibition. There is an earnestness of purpose and honesty in the working out, which belongs to a different atmosphere. This contrast we feel indeed on entering the Gallery of the Society of Water-colour Painters in Pall Mall East, where clearness and intelligence seem to prevail. There are, notwithstanding, many washy and trashy examples to be found, but they, in almost every instance, have been consigned to a subordinate position. Frederick Taylor exhibits six pictures, and is, as usual, broad and forcible, with his entire mastery of animal life, qualities seen especially in "Repose" (7), a tired boy, seated with dogs and game at his feet, and "Highland Sport" (125), where a girl carries away a trayful of birds, and horses, dogs, and game form the chief part of the picture. G. A. Fripp has acquired a freshness and clearness which many of his former drawings failed to exhibit. His colours are pure and less heavy, and his view of "Moultsford Ferry on the Thames" (137), is the very perfection of a delicious summer-evening scene. "Kilgarra Castle" (283) is also free from his former oppressive intensity. Pure and lovely nature in her utmost simplicity is brought before us by W. Hunt, in "Grapes and Plums" (305), where these fruits are laid together without any attempt at garnish, or setting off by the introduction either of plants or elaborate accessories. A simple sprig of ivy suffices to give colour, and to afford by its shiny green a contrast to the velvety surface of the fruit. His other works retain their wonted excellence. Evans, of Eton, in the two landscapes, "Schihallion" (104) and "Killiecrankie" (113), lays on blue and purple too heavily for the eye to dwell upon with pleasure, but the effects of light are arranged with his best skill. David Cox, jun., produces numerous examples of his industry and technical attainments. The "Scene near Bromley" (103) is very spirited, and

*Under the East Cliff at Hastings" (105) claims particular notice for the mastery of its execution. The "Oak in Hollow Park," beneath which Pitt and Wilberforce held their memorable conversation, so recently revived in Lord Stanhope's History, is, in itself, a faithful study; but the surrounding foliage is not so successful. Among F. M. Richardson's excellent works we may particularize "Porta San Lorenzo" (174), a long picture, and at the same time mention two good Italian scenes with studies of skies at sunset and sunrise, "Vicenza" (15), and "Santa Maria della Salute, Venice" (27), painted with great facility by W. Collingwood Smith. A strange enigma-like picture by F. W. Topham, solely dependent on the catalogue for explanation, and there called "A Passing Train" (133), is an instance of the infelicity with which subjects may be selected for pictorial representation. Two very charming Cyprian-like subjects of cattle by H. Britton Willis, "Early Morning" (181), and "A Group of Cattle" (325), exhibit a great power of composition and richness of colour. But it is in the two female heads by Frederic W. Burton—"The Wife of Hassan Aga" (280), and "Yeliza" (320)—that we find the gems of the exhibition. He revels in fulness of colour and the power of accurately modelling the human form. Mr. Burton in these pictures attains the strength of oil-colour, and proves himself a complete master of all the arts by which differences of texture can be represented. His success is greatest when depicting a decided expression; this we perceive in the morose but voluptuous lady clenching her hands in sullen discontent, as we may imagine, at her fate. The wooden verandah against which she leans is simple and characteristic, and we rejoice to find the artist on his guard against the very common sin of over-ornamentation. Even the frames to these pictures have a character of their own. A third painting by Mr. Burton is simple, fresh and natural. It is called "A German Interior" (312), and represents a little girl in quaint modern costume of Southern Germany drawing an apple on a slate. The childish innocence, but steady determination to her purpose, contrast strikingly with the temperament of the maturer subjects previously described. Mr. Holland's "Roses" (328) are true and largely drawn, with a solidity of colour worth all the rest of his Venetian scenes, which, the Gondola subject (138) especially, are flimsy and unnatural at best. The fanciful prettiness and bright colours of Mr. Jenkins render his pictures too uniform for particularization, and we pass from his French affectations to the quaint works of Mr. Smallfield, who reproduces the old legend of "St. Francis preaching amongst the birds" (202), in a clever and amusing style. A naked pollard willow is studded with little songsters, who signify their regard for the discourse of the saint by various attitudes. Water-lilies are not wanting, and the figures of the preacher and his monkish companion stand prominent with admirable effect against the sunlight of a wintry sky. The subject is among the accepted legendary themes for pictures of the life of St. Francis, and Giotto himself painted it. The relation of birds to mankind admits of a tolerable amount of expression in such an auditory; but in "St. Anthony exhorting the fishes," as represented by Paul Veronese in the Borghese Palace at Rome, the artist was compelled to place them in a very subordinate position. The "St. George" (206), a brightly coloured head, is mere ornamentation; but a study of flowers and insects "upon the slopes of Fiesole" (205), is a remarkable instance of the artist's best powers of observation and colouring. Among the supremely artificial, and with a boldness of invention which usurps the place of the truly natural, must be ranked the works of John Gilbert, who, as far as we are able to judge, fully merits the title of *fa presto*. His mode of execution is as strange as his workmanship is off-hand. "Peter Paul Rubens" (109), seated at his easel, surrounded by various objects of art on a large scale, is a bold and effective composition; but the handsome silver vase in front is the nearest approach to reality in the whole picture. "The Rhine Wine" (19) is a wild group of figures, exhibiting all his faults and mannerisms. His best composition, and more dramatic in expression than the rest, is "Don Quixote at Home" (37). Here we find the characters of the personages more skillfully depicted, and maintaining a just balance, notwithstanding the above-mentioned excess of linear manipulation, and a prodigality of accessories. Carl Haag's grand composition of "Baalbek" (134) is very striking. The point of view, and the arrangement of the subject, combined with a judicious disposition of light and shade, are, to our mind, far superior to the execution.

From this Gallery we pass to the New Society's Rooms, at the western extremity of Pall Mall, and find there, taken altogether, an exhibition very superior to the general level. Some truthful and very well-handled sketches of sea-shore subjects by J. W. Whympere merit special observation. "Aber, North Wales" (26), and "A Grey Morning, Beaumaris" (36), are among his best. Carl Werner contributes many works; but among them "The First Bivouac of Garibaldi in Sicily" (82) will be the most attractive. It is a striking performance, containing portraits of Garibaldi, Bixio, Cosenz, Colonel Tur, and Captain Peard. The ruins of an ancient church, probably the pillars of the nave, still supporting the gilt mosaics of the wall above, give local interest to the scene, and compose a very impressive picture. "The Monument Room at Castle Turnau" (67), although on a small scale, is a truthful and very effective study. "The Gateway of the Palazzo Marini" (185) is an excellent transcript of a very singular piece of architecture. These real studies we hold far preferable to Mr. Werner's fancy subjects of

"The Page in Waiting" (232) and the "Heir to the Title" (113) where invention does little to aid the subject, and facility of execution becomes the chief consideration. L. Haghe presents one of his vivid subjects with "crisp" handling and dramatic attitudes in "Arnold of Brescia defending his Opinions" (90). The scene is laid in the church of San Lorenzo at Rome, and the artist has availed himself to the fullest extent of the rich antique columns, and of the episcopal throne and mosaics so well known in that ancient Basilica. The figures are well arranged and the subject very lucidly treated. We do not find in this work any conscientious finish or particular elaboration, but it is still superior to the "Salle d'Armes at Bruges" (193) or any of the other numerous works which he this year exhibits. "The Toilet" (212), however, is a pretty picture, with a lady in the elegant old Dutch costume; and a candle-light scene of "Vespers at Dixmude" (226) very powerful in effect. The landscapes of Edmund Warren are remarkable for their intensity and weight of colour. Woe, however, to those possessors of drawings by this master when they get dismounted, as the body-colour must then inevitably chip off, or to those who are compelled to allow them to rub away in portfolios! "The last Load" (43) exhibits the effect of twilight to perfection; the "Greenwood Tree" (188) affords a delicious shade, and the "English Homestead" (54) will be grateful to every one. We cannot dwell upon Mr. Warren's other landscape studies, although all that we have seen of his deserve high commendation, and visitors to the exhibition will do well to seek them out as distinguished by extreme fidelity to nature, and as subjects peculiarly English and judiciously chosen. Two coast scenes by Bennett (73 and 101), and "Richmond Park" (208), are excellent drawings, and we would not wish to omit calling attention to a very careful study of "Flowers" (251), by Mary Duffield. Figure subjects are generally rare in water-colour exhibitions. They are usually on a large scale and by some apparent rule of courtesy or etiquette receive the best places. The prominence thus given to certain pictures of the historical class compels us to record an opinion respecting them, which otherwise we would most gladly have withheld. "The Last of the Abencerages" (231), by H. Tidey, is strikingly deficient both in spirit and execution. It is simply empty and unfinished. No artist in the present day, when careful and consistent workmanship is so much looked for, can feel justified in committing to public inspection a work with such gaps in workmanship as the one before us, and still less can the committee be excused for hanging a picture in such a position as to challenge attention to these unfortunate shortcomings. Mr. Bouvier's "Happy Days of Mary Queen of Scots" (173), comes under the denomination of "namby-pamby," whilst E. H. Wehnert's "Falstaff at Ford's House" (10), is large, gaudy, and unsatisfactory to the last degree. Mr. Absolon, again, feebly reproducing the faults of Mr. Jenkins at the other Society, attains the utmost want of reality and nature in his "Courtship of Gainsborough" (39). We miss, in looking round for figure subjects, the brilliant and always effective pencil of Edward Corbould, and derive little satisfaction from the presence of Henry Warren's "Desert Scene" (48), bathed in a theatrical green moonlight. The works of Vacher can hardly be said to exhibit their usual superiority, whilst J. Fahey, A. Penley, and D. H. McKewan steadily maintain their well-earned fame in the walk of pure natural landscape.

MAY CONCERTS.

WHATEVER grounds our visitors may have had for grumbling against the entertainment provided for them by M. Vieillard or Mr. Morrish at the International Exhibition, they certainly have had no reason during the past month to complain of anything like *Lenten* fare in the way of music. For all tastes there has been enough and to spare. The two Philharmonic Societies, the Musical Society of London, and the admirable Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, have amply catered for the tastes of those who enjoy the higher class of orchestral music; while the Musical Union, the Monday Popular Concerts, and other occasional meetings under the auspices of some of our best known professors, have afforded the means of unqualified enjoyment to the lovers of chamber music. The Sacred Harmonic Society has also given two admirable performances of Oratorios; and Madame Goldschmidt, after a long absence from public life in London—broken, indeed, last autumn to aid the efforts made on behalf of the "Londoners over the border"—has given the *Messiah* and the *Creation* on behalf of some deserving charities, and has announced a performance of *Elijah* for a similar purpose; and we have reason to believe these Concerts may be continued with more interested views. The Philharmonic this season gives nine Concerts, and has taken advantage of this circumstance to present to the subscribers the entire series of Beethoven's nine symphonies by playing one at each Concert. The idea is, we think, a happy one; but, unfortunately, a due attention to chronological order has not been strictly observed. Nor can it be said that the band makes the progress we are entitled to expect. The difficulties under which it was brought together last season made every one lenient to any shortcomings; but these ought now to be disappearing. We can, however, detect but little, if any, improvement on last year, and there is a certain coarseness in their execution which certainly should find no place in what ought to be our first orchestra. Dr. Bennett should strenuously endeavour by extra rehearsals, if that

be possible, to secure greater finish from his performers. The only novelty has been the appearance of Herr Davidoff, a violoncellist from Leipsic. The New Philharmonic has the advantage of a better band than the older Society, which is, however, more than counterbalanced by the inability of Dr. Wylde to avail himself of the forces at his disposal. As the New Philharmonic is confessedly a Society consisting of one person, we have no right to complain that that one should appoint himself its conductor; and, although some point and some precision are undoubtedly lost when the band has but small confidence in its leader, yet the instrumentalists who compose the orchestra of the New Philharmonic are such practised players that an indifferent conductor, if he be powerless for good, on the other hand is equally so for harm in works with which his band is perfectly familiar. The two finest symphonies which the world has yet heard—Mozart's "Jupiter," and that in C minor of Beethoven—have been the principal works at the Concerts Dr. Wylde has given during the present month, but his programmes have been confined too exclusively to stock pieces. Very different in this respect are the Concerts at the Crystal Palace and those of the Musical Society of London. Something new—something rescued from the wallet on the back of time—continually finds its way into these admirable Concerts, which gives them an interest and a freshness somewhat wanting to the other societies. Herr Manna, at Sydenham, has enabled us to hear again the Exhibition music—that is, the exclusively instrumental portion of it—and he has also put before us Meyerbeer's "March" composed for the Coronation of the present King of Prussia; but the greatest treat he has afforded has been the performance of Mr. Sullivan's music to Shakspeare's *Tempest*. There is a form and order in this music which seems to denote an original composer. Mr. Sullivan will soon, we trust, emancipate himself from the influence Mendelssohn now exercises over him. All eminent composers have, in their early works, expressed their ideas in the forms which their favourite master has indicated, but if the musical genius really exist, in time we have its utterance in a manner and style entirely its own. Mr. Sullivan has everything in his favour. He writes admirably for the orchestra—he has freshness—and, as we have said, he seems capable of developing his ideas in orderly sequence, and makes no attempt to strike his hearers by spasmodic efforts so often employed to conceal the absence of legitimate inventive power.

The Musical Society of London is a striking instance of the existence of a taste for a thoroughly good execution of the best class of orchestral music among those whom the cost of a subscription to the Philharmonic shut out from its gratification. Four years only have elapsed since its institution, and the numbers of those who are desirous of becoming members is considerably in excess of the vacancies which yearly occur. The concerts are invariably crowded; and it is not perhaps saying too much to assert that they are the best of the kind which London affords. The programmes always contain some interesting novelty, judiciously blended with music upon which time has set the stamp of excellence. The band comprises all the players who seceded from the Philharmonic last year, strengthened by some others of equal excellence, and they are presided over by a gentleman who is now second to none in the management and direction of an orchestra. Rarely, if ever, has a better performance of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," or Mozart's "Jupiter," been heard in this country than that given at the last Concerts of this Society. Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" we have always wished to hear without the choral portion. The last movement we consider utterly unmusical, and carrying the German method of treating voices as instruments to its wildest limit. Schiller's Ode, instead of a "Song of Joy," seems a shriek of rage or misery. At the Concert at the beginning of the month, M. Stephen Heller played for the first time for some years in London. As a mere pianoforte player his playing is not so finished as that of many who, since he was last among us, have risen into favour; but there is a poetic feeling in his treatment of his music which largely interests his audience, and he introduced two cadenzas into the Concerto for two pianos by Mozart, in which he was assisted by Mr. Charles Hallé, which might almost have been written by the master himself. At the second Concert, the brothers Holmes played a concerto by Spohr, for two violins. Some years ago these gentlemen used to perform as infant prodigies, but they have since been studying at Leipsic, and have had, we believe, some success there. They exhibit that singular power of precision and oneness in the execution of passages *à deux* which seems to be the privilege of musicians of the same family, whether they be instrumental or vocal performers. It is this peculiarity which often gives a charm to performances not remarkable in other respects, and the brothers Holmes are no exceptions to the rule. Singly, we are inclined to think neither would create any sensation; but together they are worth something. Like a pair of scissors, apart of small account, together they may cut their way through the world. We heard them at Dr. Wylde's concerts as well as at the Musical Society, but our first impression was only strengthened.

The Musical Union and the Monday Popular Concerts occupy the same ground; but "The Union" is rather aristocratic in its tendencies, while "The Popular" endeavours to deserve its name. At each, however, the same performers are heard, and they are the very best that London can produce. In this class of music nothing more perfect than the execution of Beethoven's celebrated trio for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, as given at the Musical Union could be desired. Joachim, Piatti, and Charles Hallé present a combination utterly impossible to surpass. The same artists have also played Mendelssohn's trio at the Monday Popular Concerts, the slow movement of which has always seemed to

us to be amongst the most tearful in the whole range of music. The Musical Union has not been as fully attended as the excellence of the selection and its performance deserves; but indeed a Morning Concert, unless on some special occasion, appeals to only half the lovers of music, for men feel themselves sadly out of place at such an entertainment.

There have been several performances of pianoforte music during the month, at one of which, given by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, we were glad to hear two MS. pieces of Mr. Sullivan, clearly showing he could write quite as cleverly for the piano as for the orchestra, and perhaps with even more originality. Mr. Sloper, one of our very best pianists, who only requires a little more fire and animation in his execution to attain a higher reputation than he already enjoys, played these "thoughts," as they are called, as if he felt they were something very much above the ordinary run of pianoforte pieces. The piano, however, is just now in the ascendant. Mr. Charles Hallé is repeating his Beethoven recitals, which were so marked a feature in the musical season of last year, and that giant among pianists, Thalberg, the inventor of the "Firework" school of pianoforte music, the extravagance of which successive imitators have exaggerated without giving us the masterly and original harmonies we meet with in M. Thalberg's arrangements, announces four performances, which have a peculiar interest as including some, yet unheard, pieces of that tantalising composer, Signor Rossini, which have been specially entrusted to M. Thalberg.

An event of more than usual interest to the musical world took place on Saturday evening last at St. James's Hall—namely, the performance by the members of the Bach Society of the music which the Cantor of Leipsic set to the history of our Lord's Passions as related by St. Matthew. This intensely difficult and technically abstruse work has only once before been performed in England, and that by the same Society, four years ago. What perseverance and increased knowledge will do was shown by the extraordinary superiority of the performance on Saturday evening over that of 1858. Indeed, when we consider the fact that the chorus was composed absolutely of amateurs, and take into account the almost insurmountable difficulties of the music, it is impossible to speak too highly of the result—a result which must have been in the highest degree gratifying to Professor Sterndale Bennett, to whose zeal and exertions the origin of the Society and its successful continuance are principally owing.

Professor Bennett was fortunate in securing so able a set of professional performers to aid his enthusiastic band of volunteers; but it is chiefly to Mr. Sims Reeves that the success of the performance was owing. It is not, indeed, too much to say that, in the opinion of all the connoisseurs who were present, the great tenor added more to his reputation by his wonderful declamation of the narrative than by any other single achievement within our recollection. The difficulty of the intervals and the variety and frequency of the recitatives, all of which were sung with the greatest correctness, cannot but have occasioned Mr. Sims Reeves a vast amount of study; and it is in the highest degree creditable to a great public singer, who can command such large sums for singing three or four simple songs in one evening, to devote himself to what most artists would think the ungrateful and unremunerative task of interpreting a long string of cramp recitatives. We have seldom, if ever, heard anything finer than his delivery of many portions of the text of St. Matthew. In the account of St. Peter's denial of Christ he infused such expression into the words "And he went out and wept bitterly," that it was only his own good sense which stood in the way of an *encore*. The accompanied recitative, "O grief! now pants His agonizing heart," followed by the song "With Jesus I will watch and pray," in which the chorus takes up the refrain, "Then fare thee well each darling sin," was admirable. Of the accompanied airs and recitatives the greatest share falls to the contralto, on this occasion Madame Sainton-Dolby, who sang throughout the evening with a musician-like feeling and a devotional expressiveness which cannot be too highly admired. The soprano has a song and recitative in each part, which Miss Banks gave in a way which left nothing whatever to be desired. Mr. Weiss was the bass, and sang his difficult and responsible part with a breadth and dignity which showed how fully he appreciated his task. A few words must be devoted to the solo instrumentalists, for they play a very prominent part in the work. Two flutes and two violas are called into frequent requisition in the accompaniments of the airs, in which they have parts of considerable complexity, requiring both care and skill for their effective performance. Seeing that both our great orchestras were engaged at the Opera Houses, Professor Bennett was lucky to be able to get such efficient soloists as Messrs. Rockstro and Card (flutes), and Messrs. R. Blagrove and Baetens (violas). M. Lavigne, whose splendid oboe playing is so well known, also distinguished himself frequently during the evening, and particularly in the soprano air, "Jesus, Saviour, I am thine," which Miss Banks gave with admirable taste and purity. Mr. Cooper played the violin obligato to the bass air, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." Mr. E. J. Hopkins presided at the organ—a very important feature in the performance—and in such hands it is almost needless to state that it was throughout most effective. The pianoforte accompaniments to the narrative recitatives were played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, as only a genuine and conscientious musician like him could play them. Altogether, the performance was one of the most interesting and important musical events which have taken place in London for some time.

REVIEWS.

TROLLOPE'S NORTH AMERICA.*

MR. TROLLOPE has done much in his book to disarm criticism. He frankly acknowledges that all his pretensions to write on America rest on a visit of six months which he paid to the country. He owns that he does not aspire to be more than readable, and to give a plain, straightforward, unlearned account of the constitution and institutions of America. His main business is to write novels, and he only offers a serious prosaic book on current politics for what it is worth. Let us be thankful that we have in him got hold of a novelist who can write capital novels, and who yet does not think novel-writing the key to the secrets of the universe. We must say his book needs some apologies. It is sensible enough, and moderate, and written in the spirit and style of a gentleman. But it is most terribly windbaggy. It is about as thin-spun, tedious, mooning a journal of travel and discussion as has been offered to the public for a long time. We all know the usual tour in America by heart—the literary men of Boston, the way of numbering the streets in Philadelphia, the wretchedness of the railway cars, the bigness of the formal desolate hotels. Once more Mr. Trollope asks us to go through the familiar story, and to go through it on a scale wholly unrivalled by previous tourists. This tour in the States, with appropriate reflections, is spun out into two thick octavo volumes. Mr. Trollope has an animated style, though of rather a monotonous sort, and this helps us a little; but the way is long, and the reader feels sadly that no pleasantness of style can really lift him over such a heavy tract of ground. It seems to us that Mr. Trollope could easily have got all he had to say into a hundred pages, or, perhaps, into half that space, if he had curbed the exuberance of his style; and the extra eight hundred pages he has thrown in are a trial even to readers with whom he is deservedly a favourite. It is in one way a good book, for it is not flippant or superficial, and it is written in a kindly, courteous, honest spirit. But, as a book to be read, it is by no means good. No moral or literary merits can make us content with two thick volumes that have got eight hundred pages too much in them.

Nothing is easier, in dealing with such a book, than to say, with the book open before us, that Mr. Trollope went to such and such a place, and saw there such and such things, which gave rise to a series of appropriate remarks. So long as we are actually reading the work, our attention is fixed on the particular incidents chronicled. We take more or less of interest in the difficulties Mr. Trollope experienced in going down a hill in a wood in the dark, the great weight of his portmanteau when on one occasion he had to carry it, or the high charges to which he was exposed when he ordered a private sitting-room. We can follow him in grave matters, and read what he has to say about the camps he visited and the political gatherings at which he assisted. But after we close the volumes all these things fade away. We have gone through two thick volumes about America, and we ask ourselves what it is that we have learnt from them that is new to us—that puts America and the Americans in a new light, or tells us something we could not have gathered from the books of previous tourists. Fortunately there are a few points which, if not absolutely new, are put in so prominent a light by Mr. Trollope that they make an impression on us, as if the book in which they were brought out had been so far a gain to us. Mr. Trollope is too clever and too independent a writer not to be able to give us some materials which we may be glad to store up.

The first of these points which Mr. Trollope has in this way made his own, is the intense disagreeableness of the ordinary American woman. Other writers have hinted at it, but no writer has so feelingly and so explicitly dwelt on the insolence, the domineering vulgar audacity, of the usual virtuous female of the States. The women drove Mr. Trollope out of the omnibuses and almost out of the streets of New York. He complains that it is impossible to see that city with any comfort. There are no cabs; the distances are too great to walk; and the omnibuses, the favourite vehicle of the natives, expose the sensitive Englishman to the presence of the women—the odious, affected, prudish usurpers of every comfort and convenience. “The woman I describe,” says Mr. Trollope, “is ferocious in her propriety. She ignores the whole world around her, and as she sits with raised chin, and face flattened by affectation, she pretends to declare aloud that she is positively not aware that any man is even near her.” But this is not the worst. A patient man may stand being ignored, but there are things that will try him much more severely:—

She looks square at you in the face, and you rise to give her your seat. She takes the place without a word or bow. She twists herself round, banging your shins with her wires, while her chin is still raised and her face is still flattened, and she directs her friend's attention to another seated man, as though that place were also vacant and necessarily at her disposal.

No wonder sensitive English travellers prefer the longest walk to going in a street car with such creatures. And Mr. Trollope ascribes the existence of this pestilential sort of woman to quite the right cause. The Americans are not sufficiently advanced in the social scale to be above the pettinesses of what is thought in humble

circles to be gallantry. They think that it is a mark of chivalry to let women have their own most foolish way to so lamentable a degree. As Mr. Trollope very truly remarks, all chivalry is conditional. The man offers to protect, and cherish, and comfort the woman, on condition that she pets him and looks grateful, and is meek, loving, and enthusiastically obedient. The elm is happy to support the vine, but the vine must curl gracefully round it. In all European societies the tone is set by persons who have inherited the creed and traditions of chivalry; but in America this class of persons is either wanting, or is driven by popular opinion into insignificance. The people who set the tone there are not sufficiently sure of themselves and of their position to put the women down.

Mr. Trollope also lets us know what he thinks on another matter; and his opinion, though not the one most popular in England, is exceedingly well worth considering, and is at any rate much more true than its opposite. In describing the common Yankee, and the education under which he has been formed, Mr. Trollope is by no means sparing of sharp criticism. The American is not pleasant. He is pushing, conceited, ignorant, and offensive. He is always engaged in proving that not only are all men equal, but that “they are a deal better too.” His democratic sensitiveness is on the stretch to guard against any assumption that he is socially inferior. The more menial the capacity in which he is employed, the greater is his anxiety to assert his primitive inherent rights as a man and a Yankee. All this is very unpleasant. The conventional poor man of the English novel—nearly, perhaps, realized in some model villages, who touches his hat, and loves the parson and the squire, and likes tracts and broth, and is perfectly and absolutely content with the twelve shillings a-week to which it has pleased God to call him, is a much more agreeable sort of person. He makes us feel satisfied with him and ourselves and the constituted order of things. But then, as Mr. Trollope asks us to observe, it does not follow that, because this sort of poor man is better for us than the poor Yankee, he is better for himself. There are things in the Yankee's philosophy of which the Englishman has never dreamt. There is a dignity, a self-reliance and independence, an interest in the fortunes of his country, a hope for the future, a sense of life in the present, which make the American man much more of a man. A very offensive vulgar person may have an existence to himself in which he may display or attain very desirable qualities. The officiousness of the American, his silly self-assertion, and his want of decent civility, are only the signs that he does not feel himself too low in the world to have a sense of self-respect and a belief that he may get much higher. In part this springs from the access to the resources of a new country which he possesses; but it springs still more, in Mr. Trollope's opinion, from the education he receives. This is the one thing which Americans have near their heart both for themselves and others. They associate the spread of elementary instruction with the maintenance of their political system, and they seek after popular education with the keen anxiety of a personal interest, and not with the wavering zeal of philanthropy. The kind of man they turn out is not the kind of man that would be relished here; for, in addition to his social defects, Mr. Trollope considers that one great feature of the American is dishonesty. They are smart—that is, deceitful for the sake of gain, and they are proud to be so. But still, if progress means anything, it means the gradual elevation of the lower orders to something of an equality in mind and means with the higher; and all experience teaches us that the process, however desirable in the long run, is yet, in its earlier stages, one that is not very pleasant to witness, and that it creates in society a new set of faults, and even vices, which are a great deduction from its advantages. Progress is going on in America, and in no old country has it gone so far, if we only look at the bulk of the poorer classes. But the Americans cannot have progress without paying the cost, and the price they pay is to produce some millions of the most disagreeable people in the civilized world.

Mr. Trollope has also placed in a much clearer light than any previous writer a very singular feature in the American character, and one that will play a most important part in their future history. They are a most remarkably submissive nation to all that proceeds from Government and from constituted authorities. Mr. Trollope was much struck with this in watching the course of the Trent affair. The people were furious, and the newspapers were furious, but there was no more notion of anticipating or controlling the decision of the President than there would have been in France of controlling the decision of the Emperor. In fact, the Americans have very little of what we call Public Opinion. They let the people they have elected manage for them. Possibly Mr. Trollope may have overstated this turn of the American mind, and may have judged too much by what he saw during the exceptional state of things produced by war. But he asks us to observe how passionately the Americans worship their Constitution, and how it has become a sort of Bible to them. This adherence to a printed formal document, as to a creed and final revelation of all that is right for America for ever, is something of which we have no experience this side the Atlantic. In England we despise all paper Constitutions. In France, paper Constitutions have been produced in abundance, heartily admired, and immediately upset. But in America, the people believe in their paper Constitution, and accept it as a solemn declaration of unassailable law. To elect his governors, and to see they stick by the Constitution, are the two

* *North American*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

political aims of the American. To control them so long as they are acting within constitutional limits does not come within his notions of what he cares or ought to do. Mr. Trollope remarks that this leaves the executive enormous power; and as the best men will not aim at holding this power, on account of the dirty work that must precede obtaining it and the shortness of its duration when it is obtained, the American scheme of things ends in very inferior men having very excessive temporary power. Mr. Buchanan, for example, was able to commit a species of treason on a large scale, and in a quiet way, without any one attempting to hinder him. Whether this view of political duties in the public mind is likely to lead to that despotism which is the abyss that threatens every democracy, may be doubted. The more that people get accustomed to seeing a strong executive, independent of public opinion, act as it likes, the more ready are men's minds for despotism, and Mr. Trollope states that in the Frenchified portion of American society, as at New York, there is an open wish for a Yankee Tuilleries; but, on the other hand, the profound attachment of the mass of the nation to their paper Constitution will throw an obstacle in the way of despotism that has had no parallel in France. Mr. Trollope expresses a strong conviction that the present Cabinet, if it outlasts the war, will have to stand a strong cry for inquiry into the legality of its proceedings. Fortunately, the President has managed to make it understood that Mr. Seward was alone answerable for the great bulk of the violations of the law that have been committed; and thus a distinction may be made between Mr. Seward and the other holders of executive power, which may serve the desirable purpose of shielding the President himself and the rest of the Cabinet.

Mr. Trollope writes much about the causes of the war and its probable issue, and all he writes is sensible, moderate, and, so far as we know, accurate. But it is not new, and to discuss it would be to discuss current American politics—the place for which discussion is in another portion of our columns. Mr. Trollope thinks that the South had no real grievances that could justify secession, but that it has the justification of an utter separation in all habits, feelings, social interests, and aims. The North and South are distinct peoples, and the South feels this so strongly that it will go through anything to dissolve the tie that binds it to an alien nation. The North could not help fighting, for war was the only possible and satisfactory way of determining the boundary. Mr. Trollope is of opinion that the issue will be that the Border States will be included within the Northern boundary, and that the Cotton States will form a confederacy of their own, with the cotton monopoly lost, and a society that will fast sink to the level of the South American Republics. Mr. Trollope has taken the trouble to write two or three hundred pages in defence of these opinions. We do not like to pass them over entirely, but we do not see that they are of a kind at which he might not have arrived if he had never been to America at all. We wish we could have spoken with more admiration of his work, for he is one of the few popular writers of the day who always writes as a gentleman and a man of sense and principle and good feeling should write. But this enormous publication to record the incidents and observations of a rapid tour seems to us a mistake, except as a matter of book-selling. He can quite afford to be told this; for he may be sure that the great majority of his critics will furnish abundance of those paragraphs which are set at the head of advertisements, and which declare that each work of a favourite author is more wonderful, and successful, and grand than the last.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

THIS enormous volume reminds us of the nursery rhyme about the prince to the illustration of whose reign it is devoted. "Harry VIII," we were taught in our childhood, "was as fat as a pig." This was certainly a somewhat inadequate summing-up of so memorable a reign, but it was true as far as it went, and it discreetly avoided all questions of controversy. The present book is, we think, the fattest octavo we ever saw, containing in all 1310 pages. How many more are to come we know not, nor whether they are all to be of the same size. Perhaps indeed they are to increase as they go on, for the present volume deals precisely with that part of his reign when Harry VIII. was not as fat as a pig. If so, we tremble to think of the number of pages we shall have when we reach the Letters and Papers of those days when the bulky King had to be moved by machinery. Anyhow, we are always glad to welcome Mr. Brewer, and, whatever he may think good to send us, we will always do our best, in Tudor phrase, to take the right sow by the ear.

The days of King Harry's fatness, and of his—we suspect at any time, only comparative—thinness, form two distinct periods which need to be carefully distinguished. Most likely, the physical change had something to do with the moral change, though in Henry's case we certainly find the general rule as to the kind-heartedness of fat people sadly reversed. As in other men, we do not believe in any sudden or violent change in Henry's character. The man was doubtless the same all along, though different circumstances brought out different qualities more prominently at different times. And Henry's one virtue he certainly kept to the last. In the age of Charles and Francis, if he was not always a wise or a just politician, he was, at any rate, always a straight-

forward one. What he said, he meant, and he looked on a promise as a thing not to be trifled with. He neither entrapped his enemies, nor betrayed his friends. Indeed, taking him altogether, we should quite agree with Mr. Hallam that, neither as a man nor as a King, was he any worse than Francis I.—we should be inclined to add, than Charles V. either. Mr. Froude need not think he has converted us. It is not that we think the better of Henry, but that we think the worse of Francis. Mr. Hallam, who believed in the Ten Commandments, could see that the sins of the two were about equal, though they were not exactly against the same precepts. Whether a wife of Henry or a wife of Francis had the worse destiny we leave to female readers to settle. We have no doubt as to whose subjects were the better off. The one is a rather grand tyrant, the other is a paltry one. Of all the strange idols that Frenchmen have set up, surely Francis I. is the very strangest. One can understand how a few showy qualities may at the time have pleased either a court or a mob. One cannot understand how anybody should make a hero of him centuries after.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. As we allow to King Henry one virtue, we allow to his panegyrist one sort of usefulness. Mr. Froude, utterly as he fails in whitewashing the murder of wives and the robbing of abbeys, has done some good in clearly bringing out the fact that Henry VIII. did something besides murder wives and rob abbeys. We are apt to forget that the deeds which make us shudder at his name occupy only the later years of a long reign. In the horrors of his internal government we are apt to forget the position which he held in European politics. The Wars of the Roses and the doubtful tenure of Henry the Seventh's crown had greatly lowered the reputation of England in foreign lands. Under Henry VIII., a gallant young Prince with an undisputed title, she rose again to be something like the England of Edward III. and Henry V. The true English-born King, descended from the great Edwards wholly through native ancestors—the gallant and magnificent Prince, the arbiter of Europe—won a love at home and a respect abroad which clung to him after he had ceased to deserve it, and which undoubtedly helped to enable him to play the tyrant with impunity. Very few of our English historians seem to have any clear view of Continental politics, and the internal events of Henry's reign are undoubtedly far more striking to an English reader. The result is that, of the two periods or aspects of Henry's life, the former is almost forgotten, or is confined to some confused memory of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Henry himself knew the difference well enough, though he showed it in a strange way. In his will he expressed his repentance for his "old and detestable life"—that is, for the human vices and follies of his early days. The fiendish wickedness of his later years seems to have given him no uneasiness. Likely enough he, like his admirer, counted the block of More, the gibbet of Whiting, and the stake of Forrest, among actions which, if not actually meritorious, at least needed no repentance.

Mr. Brewer's present collection of papers is essentially one of the same series as the several Calendars of State Papers which we have often noticed already. But there are some points of difference in the way of editing. The other volumes are grouped according to subjects, Domestic, Foreign, and Colonial. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Colonial Department did not yet exist, and the Domestic and Foreign papers are put together indiscriminately. In the present volume, the importance and interest of the Foreign portion far outweighs that of the Domestic. In future volumes of this reign, we may expect to find this proportion exactly reversed. The result is to make the volume even more heterogeneous than usual. Commissions of the Peace and presentations to ecclesiastical livings alternate with long reports from ambassadors, which may rank among the original authorities for the general history of Europe. Not that we object. A book of this sort must be really studied in the Index, and even the most minute Domestic entries have some value. They illustrate some custom; they throw light on some local history; trifling as many of them seem, all probably will be found useful to inquirers of some class or other. Of the more important papers, several are given at full length, which we do not think has been done with any of those which are contained in the other volumes of Calendars. In these cases Mr. Brewer retains the old spelling, or more truly the lack of spelling, so characteristic of the sixteenth century. In a reprint of a book we never like this. In a collection of documents of this sort there is more to be said for it.

Another deviation from the system followed in the Calendars is to be found in the presence of a Preface, more after the manner of those prefixed to the Chronicles and Memorials. The other Editors of the Calendars, whether dangerous Turnbulls or unexceptionable Greens and Bruces, have hitherto gone through their work in a very matter-of-fact way. They have given just such a sketch of the times with which they are concerned as is needed to make the calendared papers intelligible. It was not to be expected that Mr. Brewer would confine himself within such inglorious limits. Mr. Brewer is a man who forms opinions about what he reads, and is by no means disposed to keep those opinions to himself. He can write, and he likes writing, and his way of writing is, as we all know, vigorous and lively—sometimes, indeed, rather too lively. The result is a complete revolution in the way of editing Calendars. All the world, except the Protestant Alliance, laughed when they were told that Mr. Turnbull had been set to write the history of Queen Mary. But most certainly either some one has set Mr. Brewer, or Mr. Brewer has set himself, to write the history of Henry VIII. Whichever it be, there seems

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Arranged and catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

every likelihood of Mr. Brewer's writing it, and the history of the first five years of Henry's reign we have already before us. We do not say a word against it. We have not the least doubt that a history of Henry VIII. by Mr. Brewer will be well worth reading. We only say that it will be something new in a Calendar of State Papers. We shall be anxious to see how Mr. Brewer and Mr. Froude will agree when they get on the same ground, and still more anxious to see how far Mr. Brewer will approve himself to the judgment of the Protestant Alliance.

Mr. Brewer's portrait of Henry VIII. in these earlier and more brilliant days of his reign is drawn with great power. He makes us fully understand the deep-rooted popularity which Henry never wholly lost, and which, so long as we keep our eyes fixed on his later days only, seems so utterly unintelligible. Undoubtedly Henry came to the throne with every advantage. A nation is always disposed to give a new King, and especially a young King, a fair trial, and something more. With him the days of disputed succession were over. Every Englishman was the partisan of the prince who united the blood of York and Lancaster; and Henry, by birth, character, and feeling, was a thorough Englishman. The very form of his tyranny, when he began to play the tyrant, is essentially English. French tyrants seem to have thought that they displayed their greatness in breaking through every restraint of law, positive as well as moral. Henry always preserved his respect for the forms of law and justice, even when he was most basely trampling on their substance. Many princes, and some common-wealths too, have before now avoided paying their debts; but probably Henry VIII. was the only prince who ever was solemnly absolved by Act of Parliament from the obligation of paying them.

How the Henry of one epoch passed into the Henry of another we shall look with some curiosity for Mr. Brewer to explain. The problem is not harder than to show how the Marius and Sylla of the Jugurthine War changed into the Marius and Sylla of the Proscriptions, or how the Aratus who delivered Sicyon and Corinth changed into the Aratus who called back the Macedonian into Peloponnesus. The union of strong self-will, fostered by flattery and subserviency into something like self-idolatry—but modified by a deep respect for law, and some regard for the welfare, and still more for the good opinion, of his subjects—will probably account for most of the apparent inconsistencies in his character. Circumstances gave him the power of doing what he pleased. These circumstances and his character combined will serve to explain the peculiar nature of a tyranny which is certainly unparalleled. We shall be glad to see Mr. Brewer work this out at length; for the present, we will add the portrait which he gives of Henry in his best days:—

At his accession to the crown he was in the prime of youth and manly beauty. Had he lived in a more poetic age and died before his divorce, he might, without any great effort of imagination, have stood for the hero of an epic poem. He possessed just those qualities which Englishmen admire in their rulers at all times;—a fund of good temper, occasionally broken by sudden bursts of anger, vast muscular strength, and unflinching courage. In stature he towered above all his contemporaries. From the brilliant crowd that surrounded him he could at once be distinguished by his commanding figure, and the superior graces of his person. In an age remarkable for feats of strength, and when bodily skill was held in highest estimation, no one outdid him in the tournament. Man and horse fell before him, and lance after lance, at the jousts held in honour of the Lady Margaret and the Emperor Maximilian. . . . He was no less an adept in the great national weapon than in the more exclusively aristocratic pastime of the tilt-yard. He drew the best bow of his age; and in the mastery of it was a match for the tallest archers of his own guard. . . . He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish. Of his proficiency in Latin a specimen has been preserved among the letters of Erasmus. All suspicion of its genuineness is removed by the positive assertion of Erasmus, that he had seen the original and corrections in the Prince's own hand. In the business of the State, he was, with the exception of Wolsey, the most assiduous man in his dominions. He read and noted the despatches of his ministers and ambassadors without the aid of secretary or interpreter.

The vast number of warrants, letters, and despatches which every day demanded his attention and required his signature—and such a signature as was not struck off in a hurry—is entirely at variance with the popular notion that he gave himself up wholly to amusement, and was indifferent to more serious occupations. Had such been the case the business of the nation must have fallen into confusion or come to a stand, and we should have seen some traces of it in the correspondence of the time. On the contrary, nothing could exceed the regularity and despatch in every department of the State, as shown by the documents now preserved in the Record Office. Above all, is the interest Henry took in the navy, and the corresponding zeal he was able to make others feel for this important branch of the service. Men of inferior rank were sure of his favour and attentive hearing if they had any experience of the sea, or could communicate information on this favourite subject. Details about the speed, the size, and capacity of his ships never came amiss.

His delight in gorgeous pageantry and splendid ceremonial, if without any studied design, was not without advantage. Cloth of gold and tissue, new year's gifts, Christmas masquerades and May-day mummeries, fell with heavy expense on the nobility, but afforded a cheap and gratuitous amusement to the people. The roughest of the populace were not excluded from their share in the enjoyment. Sometimes, in a boisterous fit of delight, he would allow and even invite the lookers-on to scramble for the rich ornaments of his own dress and those of his courtiers. Unlike his father, he showed himself everywhere. He entered with ease into the sports of others, and allowed them with equal ease to share in his. To this hearty compliance with the national humour, which no subsequent acts, however arbitrary or cruel, could altogether obliterate,—to the impression produced by his frankness and good humour,—to his unquestionable courage, and ability to hold his own against all comers, without the adventitious aid of his exalted position,—Henry VIII. owed much of that popularity which seems unintelligible to modern notions.—Pp. xxii.—xxv.

Of many curious entries in the volume the following is not the least curious, both in its political and its theological aspect:—

Warrant to cancel four recognizances, of 200 marks each, made by Geoffrey Bp. of Coventry and Lichfield, Wm. Ketilton of Lichfield, Staff., clk., and

John Blythe of Bynghamston, Devon, clk., 1 Feb. 24 Hen. VII., for the payment of 100*l.* annually for four years; it having been found, on examination before certain of the late King's executors and of the King's council, that the said recognizances "were made without any cause reasonable or lawful, and that the parties recognising the same were without ground or matter of truth, by the undue means of certain of the learned council of our said late father thereto driven, contrary to law, reason and good conscience, to the manifest charge and peril of the soul of our said late father, and also that the sums of money contained in the said recognizances may not be levied without the evident peril of our said late father's soul; which we would for no earthly riches see nor suffer."—P. 150.

MOUNTAINEERING.*

FASTIDIOUS readers are given to complaining of the extreme monotony inherent in all Arctic voyages and travels. The same field of low hummocky ice, with the same unbroken iceblink on the horizon towards the particular point of the compass which he wishes to steer for, meets alike every unfortunate voyager in those latitudes. Fox-traps are set with an average amount of success, and winter amusements undergone with an unvarying half-and-half mixture of genuine good fellowship and forced hilarity which is highly creditable under the circumstances, but is served out as regularly as the men's grog. The same or another fine bear is always slaughtered in the course of the story, generally after an episode of comic heroism performed by the ship's doctor, whom the bear had nearly caught unawares when armed with no defensive weapon except a photographic camera. *Tripe de roche* always prevails to a wearisome extent, and one Esquimaux is exactly like another, except so far as individuality is given by the various permutations and combinations of monosyllabic grunts which go to make up their names. It is certain that half the potted meats will, sooner or later, be putrid, and starvation allowance upon an insufficient stock of pemmican be resorted to. After struggling through some two-thirds of a volume of hardships, the reader is pretty sure to be prostrated by the insidious attacks of scurvy, for which a thorough change of literary diet and climate is the only effectual cure. Moreover, every fresh writer upon Arctic topics looks at his subject exactly from the same point of view as his predecessors. All have had the same or analogous objects to devote themselves to, and most have been specially prepared for that self-devotion by a similar process of mental and professional training. It cannot be a matter for wonder, therefore, that their books should all be tarred, so to speak, with the same stick. Noble examples as they contain of disinterested hardihood and unwavering self-reliance, steady perseverance, and contagious enthusiasm in the pursuit, at all hazards, of a duty once undertaken—interesting as they are as scientific records, and not as studies of character only—it yet cannot be denied that, to the mere dilettante reader, their scenery and incidents are tinged with the dulness of monotony. They are deficient not only in brilliancy of colour, but in contrast and balance of light and shade.

Alpine books, on the other hand, are as inexhaustible in their possible variety as the Alps themselves. They may be made to suit every capacity and every taste. From the pleasant gossip record of the dishes tasted at successive *tables d'hôte* in the valleys, rendered digestible by a moderate daily interlude of air and exercise on the hillside, such as a stout judge or elderly serjeant may enjoy, they rise by degrees to the level of "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," where creature comfort of any kind is, if not unknown, at least a matter of absolute indifference beside the prime object of tracking one more path over the hitherto trackless snow. There are mountains and mountain-books adapted to middle-aged ladies and gentlemen, to newly-married young couples, to enthusiastic sketchers, and to fastidious draughtsmen, as well as to the members of the Alpine Club. As water finds its own level, or always tends towards finding it, so does the Alpine tourist, after a short experience, know his own range on the Alpine scale. A little training may enable him to reach the extreme limits of that range with greater ease and more absolute pleasure than at the outset. But the range itself is fixed by tastes and habits as well as by physical powers; and whatever it be, it is of sufficient width and interest to furnish materials for more than one pleasant volume. Between the tropic or *table d'hôte* zone, inhabited by elderly papas, and the glacial regions devoted to the chamois and to climbers who can equal or surpass the chamois, comes the temperate or middle-aged and ladylike zone of mountaineering; and we are by no means sure that this is not, all things considered, the pleasantest zone of all for sheer amusement and relaxation.

Mrs. Henry Freshfield's *Summer Tour in the Grisons* is an agreeable and useful record of rambles within this zone of altitude. The expedition of which she was the commander and is the historian may probably entice other ladies into visiting the byways of the Rhetian Alps, and familiarizing home-keeping students of sketch-books with their grand central group of the Piz Bernina. She has done a genuine kindness to the future tourist of her own class by pointing attention so strongly to the details of a district which is dealt with by Murray in a few summary pages. There appears to have been exactly the right balance of comfort and inconvenience, of kindly honesty and attempts at extortion, to maintain a wakeful interest in the chances of each daily move from the known to the unknown. There was a favourite and confidential guide, and a guide not quite so much of a favourite or so much trusted; and in the matter of languages there was the novelty of an unintelligible Romansch dialect cropping up between German

* *Mountaineering in 1861.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S.

A Summer Tour in the Grisons. By Mrs. Henry Freshfield.

and Italian patois, and the still newer novelty of hearing the voice of the British tourist only once in three weeks, except from the members of Mrs. Freshfield's own party. At Pontresina, the best head-quarters for the Bernina district, the inn was "clean and comfortable," the fare better than it had promised to be, the charges "very moderate," the position "lovely," the climate "most invigorating," and the weather "magnificent." Within a ride of two and a half hours, followed by a scramble of an hour and a half for active ladies, is the Piz Languard, one of those convenient isolated peaks of some ten thousand feet high, in face of a range of some fifteen thousand, which form the happiest climax of picturesque for the mountaineer of the middle-aged zone. But till the publication of Mrs. Freshfield's *Tour in the Grisons*, the average middle-aged mountaineer of Chamouni or Zermatt has rarely heard or dreamed of the Piz Languard or the Piz Bernina.

Mr. Tyndall's survey of the Alps in 1861 was, of course, taken from a higher level than that attainable by a lady climber. He added to the list of actually visited summits the name of the Weisshorn, and only after a strict reconnaissance turned back with disappointment from a second attempt on the Matterhorn. This fantastic peak must remain for at least another year the solitary citadel of Alpine inaccessibility. We should be sorry to believe that it will not continue to defy for many years the "Excelsior" spirit even of the Alpine Club. It is a question of individual taste whether a more romantic interest attaches to the apparently invincible difficulty which has been conquered, or to that which has been found unconquerable. But we think that the mysterious solemnity of the whole Alpine system would be slightly impaired if it could once be said that no single peak of the whole chain was sacred from the adventurous foot of the English explorer; and since the Weisshorn, and all the other horns, have one by one been taken by storm, we would rather see the Matterhorn still pointed to as inexpugnable even by Professor Tyndall. There is something so weird and lifelike in the singular outline of this extraordinary mountain, that few persons have probably seen it for the first time without conceiving the idea of a hooded and veiled giantess hardened into stone, crouching and watching above the snow field for ever. Such a huge individuality seems less commensurate with the atoms of human power of brain and muscle that strive to creep up its rugged sides, than any mountain of more usual and less fantastic form. One of the precedent conditions of a successful ascent has still to be found—a place of bivouac for the night, before making the final attempt. From the Zermatt side, the monstrous obelisk is confessedly impregnable; and on that of Breuil the difficulties are so thick that a single day could never suffice to overcome them, if they are to be overcome at all. Johann Benen, the guide who had accompanied Professor Tyndall in his attempt from Breuil in the previous year, and who was, therefore, able in some degree to estimate the minimum of time and labour required for a favourable issue, surveyed carefully the sides of the mountain in 1861, without finding any point where the night could be passed in comfort or safety. No ledge or cranny on the rocks promised shelter, and to be frozen half to death in the snow on a bare Col would clearly unfit the most enthusiastic "Excelsior" for the work of scaling the Matterhorn on the morrow. Perhaps some local guide may be able to ferret out a burrow at a convenient height upon the mountain which escaped the notice of Benen in his general survey, and only then can the trenches in the attack of the Matterhorn be said to have been fairly opened. In obedience to the guide whom he knew that he might trust as himself, Professor Tyndall reluctantly threw up the siege of Mont Cervin. It is not surprising that the waiter at the Breuil hotel should have extenuated the hardships he would not have been called upon to share, and resented the softness of the Englishman in refusing to "faire la pénitence pour une nuit." It is still less surprising that Mr. Tyndall should have wished, in revenge, that the waiter could find himself half way up the Matterhorn. Few things are more amusing or more provoking than the cool superiority of knowledge in regard of localities which the ignorant native all over the world assumes over the accomplished traveller.

The ascent of the Weisshorn, in which several others of the best Alpine climbers had failed, was in itself difficult enough to satisfy even Professor Tyndall. Here, too, it was necessary to encamp for the night half a day's journey up the mountain-side, and ten hours of the hardest climbing from the encampment were required before reaching the top. The comparative steepness of the Matterhorn and Weisshorn is to be measured by saying that, where the one is (as Mr. Tyndall calls it) an obelisk, the other is pyramidal. But the *arêtes* and *coulloirs*—the edges and sides—of a pyramid nearly 15,000 feet high present sufficient varieties of hazardous detail. Benen led Mr. Tyndall along a wall of snow which even the weight of a man only pressed into the width of a hand, with "appalling" precipices on either side, from which there was no escape if the snow had given way. From its pure quality, Benen trusted that it would not give way; and his instinct or experience did not mislead him. "I followed him," says Mr. Tyndall, "exactly as a boy walking along a horizontal pole, with toes turned outwards; . . . the sense of power on such occasions is exceedingly sweet." When the Alpine acrobat is an eminent man of science, the moral and intellectual satisfaction of such daring feats is multiplied in the most complex varieties of exceeding sweetness. Benen's experiment illustrates the Professor's delight in Faraday's explanation of the cohesiveness of pure snow by its tendency to freeze at every point of contact. A scientific habit of mind extracts honey from every aspect of the labour of scrambling, where an ordinary individual would only

have been extremely tired. Even Mr. Tyndall is not exempt from this human infirmity:—

The less we rest the better, for after every pause I find a certain unwillingness to renew the toil. The muscles have become set, and some minutes are necessary to render them again elastic. But the discipline is first-rate for both mind and body. There is scarcely a position possible to a human being which, at one time or another during the day, I was not forced to assume. The fingers, wrist, and fore-arm, were my main reliance, and as a mechanical instrument the human hand appeared to me this day in a light which it never assumed before. It is a miracle of constructive art.

We trust that weaker brethren may be permitted to appreciate Sir Charles Bell's *Bridgewater Treatise* without the inspiration only derivable from an ascent of the Weisshorn. It is not every Fellow of the Royal Society who could find "a dynamic value," that would help to lift him over the rocks, in scientific thoughts or historical memories, when stupefied and weary with jumping or crawling from point to point for ten hours. Yet most of them would envy the feelings of Professor Tyndall and his two guides, when at last they crowned the silvery pyramid which had ever and anon through the day risen between them and the blue sky. Mr. Tyndall holds the prospect from the summit as the finest in the Alps. It is not necessarily true that, because the Weisshorn is itself one of the noblest Alpine forms in its pyramidal isolation, the view from it should be grander than any other of the same region. The lines in which the bounding peaks of the horizon combine and compose themselves tell upon the beauty of the view as much as its actual vastness of range. But even with the loss of one of the noblest outlines in the Weisshorn itself, this view may be the finest of all Alpine prospects; and Tyndall, Benen, and Wenger are the only three men who as yet have a right to say whether it is so. After such a ten hours of consecutive Alpine position-drill, the driest of mathematical analysers might be indulged in a small burst of what in America is called tall writing. Here is what Mr. Tyndall has to say for himself at the top of the Weisshorn:—

The gauzy haze of the distant air, though sufficient to soften the outlines and enhance the colouring of the mountains, was far too thin to obscure them. Over the peaks and through the valleys the sunbeams poured, unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which in some cases drew their shadows in straight bars of darkness through the illuminated air. I had never before witnessed a scene which affected me like this. Benen once volunteered some information regarding its details, but I was unable to hear him. An influence seemed to proceed from it direct to the soul. The delight and exultation experienced were not those of Reason, or of Knowledge, but of Being:—I was part of it and it of me, and in the transcendent glory of Nature I entirely forgot myself as man. Suppose the sea waves exalted to nearly a thousand times their normal height, crest them with foam, and fancy yourself upon the most commanding crest, with the sunlight from a dark blue heaven illuminating such a scene, and you will have some idea of the form under which the Alps present themselves from the summit of the Weisshorn. East, west, north, and south, rose those billows of a granite sea, back to the distant heaven, which they hacked into an indented shore. I spread my note-book to make a few observations, but I soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship was the reasonable service.

WORKS OF ROBERT GREENE AND GEORGE PEELE.*

MR. MALONE, in his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, dismisses as scarcely worthy of notice the dramatic poets who preceded Shakspeare, fortifying his opinion of them with Dryden's assertion that "Shakspeare found not, but created first the stage." It is often safe to bow to Dryden's verdicts in criticism, but then it should be in cases wherein he was competent to judge. Of the older English drama Dryden knew little. Indeed, so much of it was, in his time, hidden in libraries or buried in cellars and family chests, that he never set eyes on a tithe of what we now possess. Mr. Malone's opinion of Shakspeare's precursors must accordingly rest on his own knowledge of them, which was great, and on his own powers of appreciating them, which were small. In diligence, integrity, and veneration for Shakspeare himself, Malone stands second to none of the Shakspearian commentators. But his was not the subtle and catholic spirit to discern, under the rough integument of first essays, the sacred fire of genius, or to make allowance for the passion and vigour which streak and sometimes redeem their extravagance. Malone was an excellent ferret in charter-warrens, but there his skill ended; for the higher matters of criticism he was as blind as a mole. Mr. Dyce is a critic of a different order. To Malone's diligence and accuracy he adds the virtues of a more cultivated taste and larger sympathies. No one of this day has done so much as Mr. Dyce for the English drama—not even William Gifford himself. He has purged the texts from a leprosy of errors; he has undone the work of blundering copyists and printers; he has produced light from smoke; he has been to Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Middleton, and even to Shakspeare himself, what Bentley was to Terence, and Porson to Euripides.

The volume which combines the *Dramatic and Poetical Works of Robert Greene and George Peele* is something more than a reprint of Mr. Dyce's earlier editions of those writers. Since the first edition of them, "important alterations, corrections, and additions have been made throughout." The *Lives*, as well as the *Plays* and *Poems*, have been revised and corroborated by new vouchers for dates and facts, and the volume may be accepted by the reader as a handsome and trustworthy edition of two poets who have had strength and merit enough in them to survive the

* *The Dramatic and Poetical Works of Robert Greene and George Peele, with Memoirs of the Authors, and Notes.* By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Royal 8vo. London: Routledge, Warne, & Routledge. 1861.

change of fashion and the accidents of time. On the literary value of Greene and Peele we have not room to expatiate, and their respective characters have frequently been drawn by competent critics. We shall confine our notice of them to the singular class of men to which they belonged.

The lives of the English dramatic writers of the sixteenth century were often little less wild and irregular than their plays. They were for the most part gentlemen born and nurtured by either Oxford or Cambridge. But they were often such scions of the tree of knowledge as either the parent-trunk willingly casts off, or who quit of their own accord its fostering shade. To say truth, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and others of the goodly company of dramatic poets, were mostly, like Lucio, "fellows of much license"—the Bohemians of society, dining when they had money on ortolans and green peas, and when they had none on shins of beef and biscuit. In Greene's penitential confessions, which bear the stamp of truth—*habemus confitentem reum*—we have a lively and a saddening picture of their lax and disorderly living. With most of them it was—"A Mad World, my Masters." The tavern, the dice-box, the sack-flagon, and the brawl, wretched homes and neglected duties, too often branded the race and brought general discredit on a calling from which the better practice and examples of modern times have but slowly redeemed it. Yet we should err in supposing that these light livers and scanty-graces stood alone in their generation, or that to be a writer for the theatres two hundred years ago entailed the miserable consequences of being also a ruffian, a cheat, or a prodigal. The dramatic poets merely reflected their age; and their age was one of gross license and precarious integrity. Shakspeare was not more eminent for his genius than for his moral and manly worth; yet Shakspeare puts into the mouths of virtuous and well-bred women phrases and innuendoes that now would not be tolerated by a Whitechapel pit. Beaumont, himself of noble stock, and Fletcher, of gentle kin, Ford and Ben Jonson, who associated familiarly with the best and bravest spirits of the time, revel in scenes and images that now would be deemed too gross for the most profligate newspaper novel, and which render a third at least of their plays sealed volumes in any decent household. We have no grounds for believing that these writers purposely outraged decency or catered for vice. But they exhibited and repeated on the stage what might be seen or heard in Paul's Walk, on the Mall, at the Mermaid Tavern, or even in the stately halls of Essex and Southampton. Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour did not blush at ribaldry in the theatre, because they laughed at similar ribaldry at Court or at home.

For their rudeness as poets and for their license as men there were, indeed, as regards the earlier dramatic writers, some extenuating causes. The brilliant aspect of the latter half of Elizabeth's reign has obscured, as with excess of light, its troubled and gloomy opening. Scarcely had England recovered from the barbarism produced by the wars of the Roses—a barbarism the more striking if we compare the age of Edward III. with that of Edward IV.—when the Reformation plunged her into the turbid billows of theological strife. A thin layer of Italian refinement was put over English society by Surrey and Wyatt; and Henry VIII., himself no ordinary scholar, prized learned men, and encouraged the artists who limned his jolly person or ministered to his favourite pomps and shows. But amid the din of controversial war the voice of poetry was stifled, or at least was more audible in the coarse rhymes of Skelton than in the Petrarchan lines of the lover of Geraldine. A nation divided against itself had little leisure for the arts which soften manners and disarm them of grossness and ferocity. The reign of Henry's son was absorbed by domestic treason, or by the consideration of creeds, canons, and service-books; and although religion ministers to the arts, controversial theology disdains even when it does not persecute them. The reign of his elder daughter was occupied with even sterner topics than her sire's or her brother's. It was no time to sport with Amoryllis in the shade, or to be hidden in the tangles of Nessra's hair. The old and the new Faith were at deadly hand-grip—the axe and faggot were umpires of propositions in divinity. Elizabeth succeeded to a country sick with religious strife, yet with strength enough left in it for new disorders, which it demanded all her force of will and all her discretion to curb, elude, or mitigate. For at least one-fourth of her reign she had graver matters in hand than the patronage of players and poets; nor was it until she stood predominant at home, and pre-eminent abroad, as the wisest and most successful of sovereigns, that she could afford to smile approval on the Faery Queen, or bid her servant, Master William Shakspeare, indite some new device for her Christmas revels at Greenwich or Hampton Court. Moral disturbance, as usual, followed close on political dislocation. Elizabeth's courtiers and favourites were not the most delicate of men. More than one of her bishops might have been unfrocked without damage to the Church; more than one of her judges might have changed places with the prisoner at the bar without stretching the law; a white sheet and a wooden stool would not have unbeseeemed some of her ladies of honour. The moral standard of the time was low; men's actions were, as they always will be, below the standard of their age; and the theatre, both before and behind the curtain, reflected, as it always must, the features of society.

So much prelude we have thought necessary to Mr. Dyce's account of Greene and Peele. Sinners they doubtless were; but they were not *portenta hominum*, not sinners above the average of the Galileans, their contemporaries. Unfortunately for them and for the good repute of their calling, their wit and social qualities

rendered them conspicuous; and so the failings they had in common with thousands are put down to their account as particular to themselves. This, indeed, is a condition twin-born with genius. It is false that genius must be accompanied by depravity; it is not less false that erring and extravagant genius is ahead of the common vices of the age which it illustrates. Many a booby lord was as profligate as Byron—many a scandalous priest as unfit for his gown as Churchill. But they were not guilty of the crime of verse; they were protected by the seven bull-hides of dulness; and so rumour was silent about them while they lived, and when they were dead, epitaphs lied in their favour.

That George Peele, after house and lands were gone and spent, lived by his wits, and that he sometimes turned his wits to very ill account, there is no reason to doubt. But his memory has suffered considerably by the "Merry Conceited Jest" that go under his name. Had he committed only half of the cheats ascribed to him, the pillory, and not a niche in Parnassus, would be his proper place, for in the Jest he appears a swindler of the lowest order. Mr. Dyce reprints this farrago of stories with a proper caveat against believing them:—

This tract (says Peele's editor) I regard as a work of fiction, containing a slight intermixture of truth. I apprehend that but few of the adventures it relates have any foundation on incidents in the life of Peele, and that his notorious name was given to its hero solely with the view of ensuring its popularity. Nor ought we to be surprised that such a liberty was taken with the name of a dissipated dramatist when we remember that one of Scotland's most illustrious sons—a man of erudition and of true poetic genius—has been metamorphosed into "The King's Fool," in a chap-book entitled the *Jests of George Buchanan*, which still finds many readers among the peasantry of the north, who receive it, with all its absurdities, as an authentic record.

The probability that Peele was innocent of the scurrilous jests imputed to him is the greater, when we recollect that the public has in all ages treated the servants of the scene, whether they be authors or actors, with a familiarity redolent of popularity on the one hand, and of contempt on the other. Actors were named by the public as they had named each other—that is, by abbreviation of their Christian names. Greene was remembered as "Robin," Marlowe as "Kit," Watson, Nash, and Kyd, each as "Tom," Beaumont as "Frank," Fletcher as "Jack," Jonson as "Ben," Massinger as "Phil," Field as "Nat," and Shakspeare himself as "Will." It was an easy step to saddle "George," on the credit of some real peccadillos of the Sheridanian kind—such as forgetting to pay a waterman, or running up a long score at a tavern—with many imaginary ones. And so Peele has very likely become a scapegoat to all subsequent time for sins which, even in a lax age, would have brought him into unpleasant contact with Dogberry and Verges at night, and with the Middlesex Justices in the morning.

Robert Greene, if we are to take him at his own word, was until nearly the end of his days a notorious evil-liver. Like his friend Marlowe, he has even been taxed with atheism. But we are to recollect that their accusers were chiefly Puritans, to whom the theatre was an abomination, and all its votaries were children of Belial. Neither can such self-accusing documents as "The Repentance of Robert Greene" be always implicitly trusted. Very good men and very bad men, then and since, have magnified their own vices—some from genuine contrition, some from as genuine ostentation. The gentle, delicate, and dispassionate Cowper speaks of his youthful errors as if they had exceeded the common measure of human depravity. The devout Bunyan believed himself to have been once utterly reprobate; whereas, as Southey justly remarks, he was in his earliest days, at the worst, a blackguard. On the other hand, Cardan proclaims his follies, as the Pharisees of old proclaimed their fasts, with a trumpet, so that all men may mark them; and Rousseau parades his vices as if he thought them so many titles of honour. Greene had in his temperament something akin to Cardan and Rousseau. We may admit his enemy Gabriel Harvey's account of him, since Greene himself indirectly vouches for its truth. From that account it is clear that he was an ostentatious person, as likely to repent as to offend openly. He had no delicacy—none of that conventional decorum which induces modester men to hide their remorse, and worse men their faults. He was a braggadocio. His apparel, if it did not make, marked the man. The satirist speaks of his ruffianly hair and his unseemly dress. He was, in one sense, the "observed of all observers." From the vice of utter idleness we must exonerate both Peele and Greene. They wrote much, and, considering the age in which they wrote, well also. But they can never again be popular; their fashion has passed away; and all that rendered them comely in the eyes of contemporaries renders them only curious in the eyes of posterity. Not the least fortunate circumstance in their fortunes has been that they attracted the notice of Charles Lamb, and that their remains have been edited by so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Dyce.

LA BELLE MARIE.*

THIS novel is not entirely adapted to suit the demands of the present taste in novel-reading. The date of the story is loosely stated to be about forty or fifty years ago, and it is possible that the taste of forty or fifty years ago might have been satisfied, and even pleased, with a tale which will fail to give either pleasure or satisfaction in the present age. The author of *La Belle Marie* should have been a cotemporary of the late Mrs.

* *La Belle Marie*. A Romance. By the Author of "Smugglers and Foresters," "Lowell Pastures," "The Earl's Cedars," &c. 2 vols. Booth. 1862.

Radcliffe to have had a fair chance of reputation. As it is, the best parts of his production have already been appropriated, and all that he has to say has either been said before, or had better have been left unsaid now. The novel, in fact, represents only the barbarous and almost pre-historic age of novel-writing. Time was when an improbable fiction in two or three, or even four, volumes was considered a romance, and could make sure of a certain amount of appreciation on the simple ground of its improbability. The recipe for success in that department was a simple one. It was necessary to transfer the action of the story to Sicily, to Italy — to any country where a system of police had not yet been introduced, and where the occasional interference of law with the interests of private individuals was practically unknown. Then, if a certain amount of romantic scenery was introduced — if effects took place for which the hypothesis of natural causes was insufficient — if the hero and heroine were enveloped in an adequate amount of mysterious misery for an adequate amount of time, and were only made happy at last by the final punishment of the mysterious but romantic villain of the tale — the problem was held to have been solved, and the intelligent author or authoress was crowned with the laurels of the period. The merits of Mrs. Radcliffe's stories may sometimes be questioned by an enlightened and critical age like the present, but no one denies that in her own generation she was successful. Her countrymen, and more especially her countrywomen, voted pretty unanimously in her favour. But, supposing Mrs. Radcliffe *rediviva*, returning to her beloved pen and ink, and, after her former fashion, exhibiting herself in print — clearly she would be out of date. She would be an anachronism. We should say that she was mistaking her proper place, which was to lie upon the shelves of a past generation of novel-readers, and not upon the table of the modern critic. The author of *La Belle Marie* is not Mrs. Radcliffe, for he is not original in his department, in the first place, and he is not successful in it, in the second; but he has emulated Mrs. Radcliffe, and the result is to the last degree unsatisfactory. The subject-matter of that lady's romances was not agreeable in itself, but at least it possessed two merits — it reflected the habits of thought which distinguished the novel-reading generation for which she wrote, and she was careful to lay the scene of her mysterious dramas elsewhere than in the British islands. Our present author invites his readers to sup on horrors which are not to the modern taste, and he outrages all our national self-complacencies by presenting the horrors as dainties of English production and manufacture. It is true that he resorts to Cornwall and the fabulous land which lies beyond the reach of railways for his locale, and he throws back the date of his story to a distance of forty or fifty years. But even the sacrifice of a remote province will hardly propitiate the indignant public at large, and we are reluctant to believe that, at so late a period as the beginning of the present century, a county like Cornwall was subject to conditions similar to those under which County Galway is exhibited in the earlier novels of Mr. Lever. The tale is a series of improbabilities to begin with, and even if their improbability be condoned, they are neither interesting nor amusing improbabilities; and supposing his plot to have been transparent to the mind of the author himself, he is wanting in the art which finally places the reader on a level with the author, and enables him to understand and connect all the intricacies of the story with one penetrating glance.

The author has probably had recourse to Cornwall as an *ultima Thule* of which but little is known, and for whose honour the majority of readers will hardly care to rise up in arms. The 20,000 Cornish men are evidently not considered likely to express an indignant curiosity as to the reasons for which the reputation of their birthplace is impugned. If the story presents anything like a fair account of the real state of things in Cornwall fifty years since, the seaside of Cornwall must have been a remarkable place to inhabit. That its indigenous population should subsist by wrecking and smuggling is nothing, and even that a revenue officer should live on such terms with its smugglers as are exhibited in *La Belle Marie* is nothing, but the simplicity of the natives, and the incomprehensible suddenness with which they replace the demeanour of the lamb by that of the lion, and *vice versa*, is very striking. Then there is an old manor house, which ought to have been a chateau in the Pyrenees, with the usual accompaniments of wallings and groanings, and the like, which produce a greater effect upon the imagination from the author neglecting in his conclusion to give any rationale of them. We regret, however, to miss one dish which generally occurs in such a banquet of horrors — the author has forgotten to record any clanking of chains. Unseen feet are heard to move; sighs and sobs pervade the atmosphere of a room where nobody is present; there are rustlings of garments and flittings of shadows athwart the gloom; only there is no clanking of chains. A Radcliffian romance is perhaps hardly a complete romance if no chains clank. And nothing is easier than to make them clank if the author has no fear before his eyes of the ultimate necessity of an explanation. If the clanking of chains has eventually to be accounted for, and there seems no credible mode of accounting for it, it is as well perhaps to omit the chains altogether. But there being apparently in the present case no responsibility of this sort in view, it is no doubt an oversight which the author will do well to avoid in his next attempt at romance. Then there is a clergyman, than whom no one could be more unlike a clergyman in any other county than Cornwall; and a doctor, who, if he is a fair representation of what Cornish doctors

are or were, convinces us that the bills of mortality in that particular county must have had a serious effect upon the general statistics of the national health. The exigencies which lead to the author's determination to entrust Mr. Lawrence with the medical profession are singular. Mr. Lawrence's mission in the story is to be a ubiquitous Paul Pry. He is to be everywhere, if possible, at the same time, and to elicit miscellaneous particulars regarding everything from everybody. As opportunities of obtaining such general information might not improbably be scanty, he is credited with the diploma of M.D., and in that capacity is by hypothesis called in to attend on most of the characters of the story in their proper turns. Each character, as he falls ill, naturally selects his medical attendant for his confidant; and Mr. Lawrence, being superior to the professional etiquette which enjoins silence regarding deathbed or other revelations, is thus enabled to become a *Deus ex machina* wherever the story wants one. It is clear that by this simple machinery everything can eventually be explained which the author considers worthy of explanation, and accordingly Mr. Lawrence is extremely useful in the evolution of the plot. It is only a pity that some of the supernatural phenomena mentioned above should not have been endowed with the gift of language also, in which case Mr. Lawrence might have acted as *Edipus* where in truth an *Edipus* is wanted; but this was, perhaps, too much to expect even in Cornwall. In describing one part of the interior of the haunted house, the author appears to have been indebted to a description which has lately been going the round of the public papers, of a certain chamber which is said to have been discovered in a castle whose locale is alternately fixed in Kent and in Ireland. It is only a pity that in the story he has neglected the opportunity of suggesting such an hypothesis for that mystery as might have satiated the thirsty curiosity of the public.

Our readers would, perhaps, be pleased to see some slight sketch of the plot of this novel, but their desire is extremely difficult to gratify. The threads are rough and tangled in themselves, and are twisted into an almost hopeless state of intricacy. *La Belle Marie*, which gives its name to the story, is a smuggling vessel. This fact is agreeably transparent and clear, and it is one of the few facts in the story regarding which we can say as much. Why it should have given its name to the romance is less evident, for the characters are almost entirely dealt with when they are inland. *La Belle Marie* is on one occasion pursued by a revenue cutter, but escapes, while the cutter is dashed upon the rocks, owing to the lighting of a beacon by some one whose identity is uncertain. And this is all that has to be said for *La Belle Marie*. The captain of *La Belle Marie* is the smuggler of romance. He is all that anybody's fancy has ever painted a smuggling captain, and he does a great deal of most useful business in the story. At one time it is all but certain that he is going to turn out a nobleman or at least a gentleman in disguise, but the author is evidently loth to let the mystery go out of his own possession. He has the cake all ready to cut, and the knife, duly sharpened for the purpose, is in his hand; but when it comes to the point, he apparently changes his mind, and determines to keep the cake uncut. Some time before the story opens, a man has been murdered, and a Colonel St. Elme has been transported for life for doing it. The author indulgently permits us to divine from the outset that the Colonel was innocent; and the efforts of several of the characters are directed, throughout the story, towards obtaining from the real criminal a confession of his crime. These efforts, however, prove unavailing, and the criminal is on the point of slipping out of life without a confession, when Mr. Lawrence steps forward and, by a series of well-directed questions in his capacity as doctor, elicits a full and particular account of the murder. The normal novel would in this case have restored the injured Colonel to his former position in society, and, as we have said, the author makes some preparations for turning the smuggling captain into the Colonel. Whether it would have been a greater stroke of art to surprise us by effecting the transformation, or to surprise us by first making us expect the transformation and then disappointing us of it, is a question of applied aesthetics. The author elects the latter alternative, and we are left in happy uncertainty regarding the fate of the Colonel subsequent to his transportation. The smuggler announces, in the conclusion, his intention of giving up cakes and ale and becoming virtuous. If he was the Colonel all the time, this was the least he could do. But if he was not the Colonel, it was unnecessary, and we submit that, under the circumstances, it was perhaps hard on him to expect it. There are two young women in the story, either of whom may be considered the heroine. The one performs the part of Una among the wild wreckers of the coast, and, by hypothesis, cannot be regarded as susceptible of the tender passion. The other is a French demoiselle, who marries the revenue officer behind the scenes. In many respects she is only a diluted reproduction of the Adèle of Julia Kavanagh.

The redeeming feature of the novel is the language in which the story is told. Some of the descriptions of natural scenery and the sketches of the interior of the haunted manor-house are really admirable. The author is not without experience in novel-writing, and it is here that his strength really lies. If he would form a partnership with some other author on the principle of limited liability, and would debit his partner with the responsibility of conceiving character and elaborating plot, his success would probably be complete. Yet even in his management of language he

has something to learn. It is against all the canons of art to attribute to a particular character thoughts and speeches which it is above the level of such a character to originate. The illiterate son of a woman who keeps a public-house in Lezant, who is himself portrayed as possessing the very minimum of intellect, is entrusted by the author with the following remark:—

Come along, then. As long as I am in good company, I am not afraid; but these cliffs, on dark nights, are not pleasant; no, nor the sands neither, with the sough of the waves filling up the caverns, and coming up as fast as sea-horses, with their flying manes of white foam.

PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.*

THESE pictures will be valued by the English reader for the novelty of the information they convey. Detailed accounts of German manners at any period before the time of Frederick the Great are peculiarly difficult to get at. They exist, no doubt, in abundance, in such memoirs as those which M. Freytag has disinterred from public archives, or from the concealment, almost equally impenetrable, of huge collections of *Manuscripts*. But there are no standard works in German literature like the works of Montaigne or of Molière, which are within everyone's reach, and which present, ready to hand, a picture of their age without the necessity of severe research. Such relics as do exist are both unreadable and rare. It requires not only M. Freytag's industry to discover them, but his agreeable pen to dress them in a presentable form, before they are fit for the exacting tastes of the general reader.

In selecting most of his descriptions from periods of war, the author unfortunately represents the general colouring of German history with only too exact a fidelity. The Hussite War, the Reformation Wars, and the Thirty Years' War, occupied a very large portion of the three centuries under his consideration, and are chargeable in their effects with most of the peculiarities of German life during that period. But still it is doubtful whether they form the most interesting among the records which the author has brought into his collection. They tell nothing but the same monotonous story of rapine and lawlessness on the one side, of desolation and suffering on the other. The Thirty Years' War possesses a kind of horrible fascination from the length of time over which it lasted, and the inconceivable misery it brought upon the people. But there is little that is attractive in the details of that misery. The ravages of the soldiers, to whatever religion they belonged, or whatever corner of the Empire they occupied, show little diversity either in their manner or their results. The mode by which war was made to support war was pretty generally the same. First, all the visible property in the occupied town or village was plundered. Then the principal men of the place, or as many of them as could be seized, were tortured until they gave in a list of the richest people, and then the said richest people were tortured until they surrendered their property. The proceedings were generally closed by the conflagration of everything that could not be consumed or carried away; and when this was done, the deliverers of their country duly evacuated the town.

If a place lay between two armies, both parties had to be asked for *salvo guardia*, and both guards lived by agreement in peaceful intercourse at the expense of their host. But it was seldom that either individuals or communities were so fortunate as to be able to preserve even this unsatisfactory protection; for it was necessary for the army to live. When a troop of soldiers entered a village or country town, they rushed like devils into the houses; wherever the dunghills were the largest, these the greatest wealth was to be expected. The object of the tortures to which the inhabitants were subjected, was generally to extort from them their hidden property; they were distinguished by special names, as the "Swedish fleece," and the "wheel." The plunderers took the flints from their pistols and forced the peasants' thumbs in their place; they rubbed the soles of their feet with salt, and caused goats to lick them; they tied their hands behind their backs; they passed a bodkin threaded with horse-hair through their tongues, and moved it gently up and down; they bound a knotted cord round the forehead and twisted it together behind with a stick; they bound two fingers together, and rubbed a ramrod up and down till the skin and flesh were burnt to the bone; they forced the victims into the oven, lit the straw behind them, and so they were obliged to creep through the flames. Ragamuffins were everywhere to be found who bargained with the soldiers, to betray their own neighbours. And these were not the most horrible tortments. What was done to the women and maidens, to the old women and children, must be passed over in silence.

Thus did the army misbehave amongst the people, dishonouring every bed, robbing every house, devastating every field, till they were themselves involved in the general ruin. And the destruction of these thirty years increased progressively. It was the years from 1635 to 1641 which annihilated the last powers of the nation; from that period to the peace a death-like lassitude pervaded the country; it communicated itself to the armies, and one can easily understand that the bitter misery of the soldiers called for some consideration for the citizens and peasants. — Vol. II. pp. 72, 73.

Of course, war could not support war for ever at this rate. After a district had been subjected two or three times to this process, the most relentless Imperialist could not extort more out of the few surviving peasantry even by the most exquisite tortments his ingenuity could invent; and in the last few years of the contest armies and peasantry were starving side by side. M. Freytag attempts to give a statistical estimate of the actual loss to Germany in men and means occasioned by this fearful convul-

sion. Accurate records have been preserved of the comparative condition of the domain of Henneberg in 1634, when the worst sufferings of the war began, and in 1649, when it closed; and this M. Freytag thinks is a fair sample of the sufferings of the whole Empire. According to these records, in that domain, consisting of a population of about eight thousand souls, there were destroyed 82 per cent. of the inhabitants, 85 per cent. of the horses, about the same proportion of the cattle, and 63 per cent. of the houses. Even at the present time, the number of houses in this district does not equal the number that existed before the war began; and in Thuringia generally two hundred years have scarcely sufficed to regain the agricultural prosperity which was destroyed by the Thirty Years' War. It would have been surprising if these ravages had not taken place. The war was conducted, especially upon the Imperial side, by the most brutal race of mercenaries the world has ever seen. M. Freytag devotes many pages to a description of their character, which at this distance wears a more picturesque hue than probably it did in the eyes of those upon whom they were quartered. But the strange mixture of their qualities, their fidelity to the customs of their body, their abject and varied superstitions, their quaint code of honour which allowed of unlimited changing of sides, and the curious vicissitudes of their life of rapine, give M. Freytag the opportunity for some clever sketching. His mercenary is something very much removed from the genial, good-hearted, Dalgerty; but even he has probably been restrained by the susceptibilities of our age from giving the character in its full proportions.

The peaceful pictures are more various, and most of them contain matter that is new to the English reader. One of the most curious pieces the author has printed is the diary of a lady of the Court of Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, widow of Albrecht of Austria. When Albrecht died, Elizabeth was left pregnant, and during the period that elapsed before the birth of her child—afterwards King Ladislaus—intrigues were rife concerning the disposal of the Hungarian throne. The Magyar party were anxious to bestow it on Wladislaus, of Poland, while the Germans wished to keep it for Albrecht's descendants. There was something melodramatic in the issue upon which the contest turned. The question was not who should command the most powerful interest, or be able to bring the largest army into the field, but who should possess themselves of St. Stephen's crown. It lay in the possession of one of the Polish party. Unless it could be stolen, there was no chance of its being available for the coronation of the expected heir of Albrecht; and without St. Stephen's crown there could be no good coronation. The great object, therefore, was to steal the crown; and this duty was undertaken by Helen Kottenner, one of the ladies of the Court, who has left a narrative of the enterprise in the form of a diary. Her hairbreadth escapes, and her terrors and religious visions on the occasion, make it a very entertaining burghly to read of. She carried the crown off in safety, and came back to her mistress in time to be present at the young King's birth. She then gives a description of the ceremonies of the coronation, which were performed without delay. As the King was but twelve weeks old, it was inevitable that he should be enthroned indirectly by his nurse sitting on the throne in his stead. Helen Kottenner was selected for this office, and she gives a very grave and ceremonious description of the formality. The "noble King" was first knighted with a blow from a sword, then anointed by the Archbishop, and then the Holy Crown put upon his head. His nurse describes the natural consequences with respectful gravity—"The noble King had little pleasure in his coronation, for he wept aloud, so that all in church heard him." M. Freytag is generally fond of a fling at the courtliness of German courtiers. Here is a case where it took a turn remarkably unpleasant for the object of it:—

When he left Nuremberg, the Duke of Leinitz, who usually passed his nights in drunken revelry, for once rose early and rode to the Emperor's lodging, where he arrived at six o'clock, but found that the Emperor had already been gone two hours. The Duke was too much ashamed to follow; but sent two of his councillors to Augsburg, and returned to his own country, where he continued his disorderly life. Once when he was very tipsy he commanded the councillors, at the peril of their lives, to put him into a tower and feed him with bread and water; and if they disobeyed him, he would have their heads off. They took him to a tower wherein there were already prisoners; he was let down into the hole where they were, and the keeper received orders not to let him out, and to feed him with nothing but bread and water. When he had outlasted his drunkenness he roused himself, and began to talk with the prisoners, and called to the gaoler to set him free. The man told him it was strictly forbidden; but he made it known to the councillors, who temporized till the third day. The Duke meanwhile did not desist from ordering the gaoler to beg the councillors to give in and release him. Then they went to him in the prison, and heard him begging and entreating; but they told him what he had commanded them, on pain of having their heads cut off, and they knew that he would not trade with them, and therefore dared not let him out. But as he promised by everything that was high and holy not to injure them, they released him. — Vol. I. pp. 172, 173.

The other extremity of society finds its place in these pictures too. A good deal of curious information is embodied in the chapter upon vagabonds and adventurers—a sediment which was abundantly deposited by each of the successive waves of anarchy that swept over Germany. The immigration of gipsies in the fifteenth century gave the first great impulse to mendicancy, and the predatory life which it disguised. In later times, the desolation of the Peasant's War, and the Smalkaldic War, and the Thirty Years' War, swelled the number of those who had no settled life, and the

* *Pictures of German Life in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Gustav Freytag. Translated from the Original by Mrs. Malcolm. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

plague was not abated till peace had returned for many years. But in the beginning of the sixteenth century vagabondage was increased by a cause peculiarly characteristic of the nation. The revival of letters in Italy had no very powerful effect upon the higher society of Germany, but it bred a strange mania for learning among the poorest of the people. Though the Humanitarians cast out the German dialects as barbarous, yet the cause of the new erudition was the popular cause, and the most eager seekers for it came from peasants' huts in distant villages. Wherever a Latin school was set up, penniless children would throng together to learn. While they were learning, they depended for their daily bread entirely upon alms; and their necessity was so fully recognised that laws were made in each city prescribing the mode and place in which the students were to beg, and enjoining them to join together in one association for the purpose. Thus in every city there was a regular band of begging students with fixed laws and customs of its own. It was divided into two sections—the younger boys, called Schützen, who did the begging, and the elder boys, appropriately called Bacchanten, who did the eating and drinking. M. Freytag has illustrated their wandering mode of life by reprinting the autobiography of one of these Schützen, a boy from the valley where Alpinists now assemble to explore the beauties of Monte Rosa. Coming from a corner of the Valais, this child roamed in search of learning over the whole of Germany as far as Breslau in Silesia, supporting himself by mendicancy, and finally came back and settled in Zurich. At Breslau he relates that there were many thousands of students living entirely upon alms.

The volumes before us were published in Germany more than two years ago. Mrs. Malcolm has executed her task with skill, but with great deliberation. It is to be hoped that we shall not have to wait two years more before the two new volumes, which considerably exceed these in interest, are placed before the English public.

LUCAS'S SECULARIA.*

MR. LUCAS is undoubtedly a clever man, but we hardly see why he should have published *Secularia*. These collections of detached essays are becoming a perfect nuisance. We quite understand the feeling which leads to their publication. A man has written some clever articles in a Review, or has delivered some clever lectures at an institution; he has gained thereby a certain degree of reputation within a certain circle; and he hopes that, if he publishes them all together with his name to them, they will help to spread his reputation beyond that circle. It is but seldom that this hope is likely to be realized. A volume of this sort needs to be supported either by a reputation already made, or else by extraordinary merit in the articles themselves. An essay ought to be very good indeed if it wishes to survive in this shape. Many an article which was thoroughly good in its own place in the Review for which it was written loses all freshness and force when it appears as part of a book. It may be read with pleasure at the time of its appearance—it may be turned back to with pleasure in the bound volumes of the Review; but put it into a book, and we at once judge it by a different standard, according to which it will not pass muster. When Mr. Lucas, in a Review, analysed and criticized the writings of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Motley, or M. de Tocqueville, it was all perfectly in its place; but when we are promised "Surveys on the Mainstream of History," we have a right to expect something different. But Mr. Lucas will probably tell us that his book is not a mere collection of detached essays. As his preface is very short, and very enigmatical, we will let him give his own account of himself:—

The stream of History is not a mere figure of speech, but the best expression of our modern consciousness that the current of human affairs is continuous, and that it moves in a certain definite direction. Any surveys on this stream, in a large and liberal sense, may ascertain some of its principal contributories, and indicate, possibly, the outfall to which it tends.

The following papers have at least this serious scope, that they are designed in contemplation of this moving current. They are not a mere reprint of desultory essays, but a combination of new and old materials, with a very specific, though tentative, object. The views of other authors are discussed at considerable length, but the writer must claim that his primary design was to express certain convictions or views of his own conceiving. His book is concerned partly with epochs or events which have been illustrated in recent historical works, or which bear on important questions of the hour; but it has the further intent of aiming at certain inferences in advance of the present vicissitudes of opinion. These inferences are necessarily imperfect in the present state of Historical Science, and they may or may not be of interest for its other investigators. But at least they are hazarded with this earnest desire, and this volume has so far a unity of design that from first to last it is meant as a testimony to the progress which results from general laws, and is secure from interruption by individual agencies.—Pp. v.-vi.

If people will write metaphor, plain folk are not bound to understand them. We had not the faintest notion from the title-page what Mr. Lucas meant by "*Secularia*, or Surveys on the Mainstream of History," and the preface did not make it one whit the clearer. As for "tentative objects" and "individual

agencies," he might as well give us the Unconditioned at once. All that we can make out is, that Mr. Lucas professes a mild form of the heresy of Mr. Buckle, and that he wants us to believe that his essays are not "desultory." If they are not desultory, it is very odd. The volume contains two lectures, almost wholly of local interest, and several papers which are palpably reviews of some of the chief books of the last few years. Indeed, Mr. Lucas must have begun to grapple with his tentative object very early in life. We began, as in duty bound, to read the first paper in the volume—a "Comparison of Ancient and Modern Revolutions." Long before we had got halfway through it, we said in our heart, "This must be a prize essay." It had all the characteristics of that class of writings. There was the sage sententiousness—the abundance of theory and the scanty sprinkling of fact, the theories the more delighted in because they are just discovered—the manifest signs of a subject got up for the nonce—the ample display of a reading creditable indeed at the writer's age, but such as most men would think no ground for display ten years after. There were the usual references to such Greek authors as are read for the degree, and the usual quotations from Gibbon, Guizot, and Hallam. We turned to the *Oxford Calendar*, and found that in 1845 Mr. Lucas really got the prize for an English essay on the subject of his present paper. Mr. Lucas, then, has actually gone and reprinted his old prize essay, only sticking in a few sentences here and there, which is what we suppose he means in his preface by the "combination of new and old materials."

As Mr. Lucas began, so, in the greater part of his papers, he goes on. He is clever, but seldom much more. There is one class of his essays which we should exempt from this faint praise, because there is one subject on which Mr. Lucas has clearly read and thought for himself. In his papers on most subjects we discern no particular research and no particular depth. They are written for the nonce, like the prize essay, and with a considerable disadvantage as compared with the prize essay. The man who writes a prize essay commonly does himself some real good. He attempts some real research according to his light, and the process often gives a direction to his studies and leads him to fuller researches in after years. The immediate result is not likely to be anything which will edify the world, but the process itself ought greatly to edify him who goes through it. If, after all, he fails to get the prize, so much the better, as he is spared the temptation of setting an undue value on what he will find in after years is really worth very little. But no such edifying process is gone through when a clever man, with no preparation of original reading, reads the clever book of the day—the Carlyle, the Motley, or whatever it may be—and sits down to write his article upon it. The style and the philosophy he can criticize, well or ill as may happen, but for the facts of the history he is dependent on the very book which he is set to examine. He has but come in to sojourn in the domain of history, and he will needs be a judge. Yet a discreet man, with the wonderful gift which some men have of avoiding gross blunders even on subjects of which they know very little, can, even in this way, produce a clever and pleasant article. But surely it is the greatest of mistakes to try to give to such essentially ephemeral productions any permanent life. Mr. Lucas has written reviews of Carlyle, Motley, Macaulay, and Tocqueville. They are all clever enough—they often hit off the strong and weak points of the writers very happily. But we really do not want them now. If Marlborough and Frederick William are to be discussed, they should be discussed on the firm ground of independent research. So the papers headed "The Mediæval Castle" and "The Mediæval Borough" must, as lectures addressed to a Bristol audience, have been unusually attractive and instructive; but something very much more solid is wanted for a "Survey of the Mainstream of History."

We have excepted one class of Mr. Lucas's essays from this general character of mere cleverness and nothing more. The papers on the history of the American colonies are of a much higher kind. Here, he has clearly read and thought for himself. The character of the mere Review is not wholly blotted out, but it is far less palpable than in the other essays. We have no doubt that a large portion of Mr. Lucas's knowledge on this subject really comes from original sources; and, if it is in some degree secondhand, still Palfrey, Hildreth, and even Bancroft, are writers to whom English readers may well need to be introduced, while nobody needs to be introduced to Carlyle or Macaulay. Of course the papers themselves are imperfect and inadequate—their form hinders their being anything else—but they have really good stuff in them, and we have no doubt that, on this subject, Mr. Lucas could easily produce something really valuable and permanent. In his last essay, again, he comes back to American affairs in the form of the present war. He there comes across Mr. Spence, and grapples very well with both the strong and the weak points of his book. He fully accepts the arguments, from fact and common sense, by which Mr. Spence contended for the expediency of a separation between what have really become two nations. On the other hand, he combats, as we have ourselves done, the hasty way in which Mr. Spence leaped to general conclusions from one particular case. Mr. Lucas, though no very profound historian, at least knows more of history than Mr. Spence. He, therefore, knows that the arguments by which Mr. Spence thinks he has upset all Federal Governments would equally secure or upset any sort of

* *Secularia; or, Surveys on the Mainstream of History*. By Samuel Lucas, M.A. London: Murray. 1862.

Government whatsoever. Mr. Lucas seems to know hardly more of the old Greek Federations than Mr. Spence does himself; but he at least brings forward the all-important case of Switzerland, which Mr. Spence has so unaccountably forgotten.

Next to the American papers, the best thing in the volume is that which is headed "Revivalists," which Mr. Lucas honestly confesses to be a "Lecture." And, bating a little here and there of the philosophical slang of the day, a very good and sensible lecture it is. Mr. Lucas shows up, with great force, the utter vanity of hoping to restore past times by conscious imitation. He makes himself justly merry with the ignorant rubbish which French—he might have added American—revolutionists talked about some of the fiercest aristocrats that the world ever saw. But he might have added a warning. Our generation is naturally sick of all the folly about Harmodius, Brutus, and Cincinnatus. But there is danger of opinion running into an extreme the other way. We see that this conscious imitation is absurd, and we are, therefore, tempted to despise the real lessons of history. A conscious revival is worth nothing; but an unconscious revival is worth a great deal. Had Washington and Hamilton sat down deliberately to reproduce the Achaian League, they would have been simply fools for their pains. But when they reproduced all its essential features without knowing that they were doing anything of the kind, they did something which Mr. Lucas, if he pleases, may set down as an instance of a general law. So we should laugh if Mr. Lincoln justified the attempt to reconquer the South by Philopemen's reconquest of Sparta. But no warning can be more practical just now than the fact that Philopemen, though he could conquer Sparta, could not manage the city which he had conquered. If Mr. Lincoln really means to keep New Orleans, he must rather keep it after the more effectual manner of Quintus Fulvius at Capua.

Mr. Lucas's style varies in different parts of his volume. In fact, it is better or worse according as his matter is better or worse. In his prize essay, he of course sticks to the elder-like solemnity which becomes a prize essay. In some of the other papers, he falls into the false brilliancy of the day, and he is rather too fond of that metaphysical cant which with some people passes for wisdom. He is not above sensation headings, as indeed his title-page is enough to show us. For instance, we have an essay headed "The Hohenzollern Stage of Hero-Worship," the pages of which are again headed "the Hero with Delirium Tremens," "Irresolution at its Nadir Point," &c.—the sort of thing which Mr. Motley used once to indulge in, but is now getting wise enough to leave off. Then we have talk about "cataclysms of disgust," "symptoms of chronic intoxication," "a contagious commotion intermittent among the nations of Europe"—all of which we dare say conceals some very wise meaning, but which we had much rather see put into plain English. But Mr. Lucas talks of Mr. Reeve's "excellent translation" of M. de Tocqueville. He most fittingly "premises that he avails himself" of the said excellent translation; so it is, perhaps, too much to expect Mr. Lucas to translate himself out of Mr. Reeve's language into ours.

When a man, however clever, takes upon himself to write about every subject on which a remarkable book appears, or which at any particular moment attracts special attention, he is lucky indeed if he escapes occasional mistakes. Mr. Lucas should have learned the difference between a monk and a secular priest before he began to expound the local antiquities of Bristol, and a writer on German history may be fairly expected to have heard of the Emperor Sigismund. To Mr. Lucas, however, the Prince who was so busy at the Council of Constance is only "a certain Sigismund, whose chief boast it was that he was 'super grammaticam,' or above grammar" (p. 299). Again, it is a very odd way of talking to speak of "the incorporation of Norway with Sweden, or of Genoa with Piedmont" (p. 404), as if the two unions were exactly of the same kind. We should like to see the face of the first Norwegian to whom Mr. Lucas communicates the fresh and startling piece of news that his country is "incorporated" with Sweden. Finally, as Mr. Lucas puts forth some very sound views on some points, we are sorry to see him falling into the lowest depth at once of Imperial style and of Imperial politics:—

France may fairly ask to rectify its frontiers, if Germany should become more powerful. But while it retains its present importance as a consolidated power, after all the throes of its successive revolutions, it has no longer the apprehensions of a former date to goad it, as then, to aggressive fury. The schemes of the great Corsican are still less to be dreaded, for transient and exceptional as they were in their own day, in ours they have become a dream and an anachronism.—P. 398.

Altogether, Mr. Lucas is evidently a clever man, and he understands one subject well. Nor have we any objection to his exercising himself in ephemeral articles even on subjects which he understands less well. But to gather them into a volume is a mistake. To give that volume a pretentious, if meaningless, title, is almost a deception.

PARAGUAY.*

WE have not given all the titles of Colonel du Gratz, which take up thirteen lines of small type on the title-page, and

end with an &c.; but the reader will know enough about them if we inform him that the writer of the volume has been Under Secretary of State of the Argentine Republic, is a member of more European learned and other societies than we were aware were in existence, and wears on his uniform various Brazilian, Belgian, Prussian, and Spanish decorations. He has avowedly written this book to make the European public acquainted with the present state of Paraguay, and to turn the attention of his Belgian countrymen towards emigrating in that direction. The chief interest of the volume for an Englishman, however, will be found, like the point of a lady's letters, in the postscript or appendix, which contains documentary proofs of the unsatisfactory state of our relations with the Republic of Paraguay.

Colonel du Gratz was twelve years in the service of the Argentine Confederation, and, before leaving America, he visited Paraguay, and the insufficient information which he found in all previous accounts of the country induced him to write the present volume. This book, however reliable an authority on matters commercial, industrial, and financial, is not a very attractive volume for a general reader, the style being of a very jejune character. The writer has not known how to mix the sweet with the useful. The absence of all power of description, amid regions of mighty rivers, interminable savannahs, and semi-tropical vegetation, makes us regret the rich treasures which the eyes of a Chateaubriand or a Bernardin de St. Pierre might have detailed before us.

The Republic of Paraguay has an especial interest for those who are curious about the question of races; for here alone has the primitive American, the Guarani, mingled with the European, and produced a new race, in the opinion of Colonel du Gratz equal, if not superior, to that of the first conquerors. The first Spanish settlers brought few wives from Europe with them, and from the very commencement intermarried with the natives, and subsequently the Jesuit missions raised the Indian races to a degree of civilization which they have never attained in any other part of the continent. If it were possible to frame a detailed account of the Jesuit missions of Paraguay, and of the mode by which they established their influence over the natives, without any other means of ascendancy than their spiritual authority afforded them, it would form a most interesting episode in the history of civilization, and we recommend the subject to any aspirant after the honours of romance of the Robinson Crusoe school as a highly promising one. The Jesuits ruled alone, without any assistance from their other European brethren, from whom, indeed, they separated their native communities by means of deep trenches and palisades, around the villages and lands; and the means they took to render all communication impossible between the people they governed and the world beyond them subjected them to the suspicion of wishing to withdraw from the Crown of Spain, or of working mines for their private benefit. This seclusion was evidently part of their policy, as the fathers themselves, within their little dominions, lived in strict privacy, and only held communication with such Indians as were absolutely essential to their plan. Their system of government appears to have been one of the very mildest ever attempted, and the Indians seem to have obeyed their spiritual governors with great docility of character. The Jesuit fathers first taught their Indian converts to labour on the communist principle, and by degrees they introduced private property. The labour they imposed upon their flocks was very moderate, and that for not more than half the day. Their days of work were diversified with all kinds of festivals, dances, and sham combats. Even labour itself was made to wear a festive appearance, for the troops of labourers went to their fields and returned from them to the sound of bands of music. They have left enduring records behind them of their rule, in numerous well-built villages, and fine churches and edifices—all the result of native labour. But, as we said, a reliable and detailed narrative of this, one of the most interesting experiments of civilization, is a thing greatly to be desired.

Paraguay appears to be making at present rapid advances. A railway is in process of formation; and we read of arsenals, steamboats, cannon foundries, and increasing exports and imports. Since the death of the dictator Francia, one of Mr. Carlyle's favourite despots, the country has been slowly awakening from the terror and torpor which his brute absolutism and isolation-policy struck into the people. A republic was established soon after the decease of that strange character in 1840, and the government appears to have been since then wisely conducted, for the revenue of the State is increasing, and so far from having debts, the public treasury has a considerable sum at its disposal. In the days of Rosas, they had some difficulties with the Argentine Republic, but they got well out of them, and many readers will be surprised to learn that the principal animosity which rankles in the gentle Paraguayan breast is directed towards this country. How many Englishmen are aware that, at Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, Britain is denounced at the present hour as the violator of treaties, the contemner of the weak, and a criminal by the laws of nations? To say truth, the history of this quarrel requires further explanation than is to be found in these pages. In 1853, the plenipotentiaries of France, England, Sardinia, and the United States, signed a treaty with Paraguay, at Asuncion, to regulate their mutual commercial and friendly relations. This treaty was to expire in 1860. Mr. Christie came to Paraguay as English plenipotentiary in 1859 to renew the treaty,

* *La République du Paraguay*. Par Alfred M. du Gratz, Colonel d'Artillerie, &c. Bruxelles, Leipzig, Gand, Londres. 1862.

and was received in public audience by the President of the Republic. He pronounced a discourse full of fine compliments and sayings about the designs of Providence, great seas and rivers, the faculties of man, and the wish of Queen Victoria to stretch her hand all across the Atlantic, and a thousand miles up the Paraguay, and strike a perpetual league of friendship with the new Republic of Paraguay. We are told, however, that, notwithstanding this fine speech, the exigencies of the English diplomat were so great, and his hurry so pressing, that it was found impossible to do business with him, and that he went off in high dudgeon soon afterwards.

Here, probably, is to be found the explanation of the somewhat supercilious treatment which the Paraguayans have subsequently met with from England. The points of difference with Mr. Christie are said to have been, first, that he insisted on the treaty being signed in twenty days, and next, that he insisted on concluding a negotiation with the President already commenced with the Minister of Foreign Affairs. From these facts, and from the length and formality of some despatches published in this volume, we suspect the officials of Paraguay retain much of the old Spanish punctilio, and that this, exaggerated by the magnificent self-assertion of a little State, came in collision with the energetic decisiveness of the British authorities. In any case, in 1859, a man, Canstatt by name—one of those hybrids who are always claiming the protection of the English consuls and getting us into trouble—was arrested on a charge of conspiracy against the life of the President of the Republic, and, the reclamations of the English consul in his behalf not being allowed, formed a pretext for the departure of the British representative. The next event in the differences between Great Britain and the Sovereign State of Paraguay was the pursuit, without declaration of war (as the Paraguayans assert), of their war steamer, the *Tacuari*, having on board their brigadier-general Lopez, into the harbour of Buenos Ayres, by two British ships of war, without any result however. This seemed to the Government of Paraguay such a premeditated aggression and violation of the rights of neutrals, that they despatched a *chargé d'affaires* to London to obtain explanations. This gentleman, M. Calvo, has up to the present time exercised his energies in the compilation of long despatches, and other diplomatic steps for obtaining official recognition, in vain. Lord Russell has steadily rejected all advances, and the peril of "imminent war" still exists between Great Britain and the Sovereign State of Paraguay.

As, however, the total population of the Republic amounts only to 1,337,439 we need not increase our naval or army estimates very considerably in consequence of this want of *entente cordiale* between the two countries. The permanent army consists of 12,000 men, and the navy of ten steamers, and forty vessels of from one hundred to two hundred tons. The principal revenue of the state is from the manufacture of Paraguay tea—the Yerba Maté—which is made from the dried leaves of the Paraguayan Ilex, which is very plentiful. The revenue from this, together with the customs and the rent of public lands, amounts to 12,441,323 francs yearly. Tobacco is also one of the great products of the country. It is, however, worth observing that the capabilities of the country for the production of cotton are very great, and that the cotton produced is of very good quality, and that the cultivation is increasing. Slavery still exists, but is dying out; the importation of slaves is forbidden; and the children of slaves are declared free, which is a favourable characteristic of the country. The number of men of colour is now very small, and slaves, Colonel du Gratz tells us, very rare. In case any reader should be shamefully ignorant of the locality of a possibly formidable antagonist, we may tell him that Paraguay is in Central Southern America, curiously dovetailed between the rivers Paraguay and Parana, the great desert Chaco, the Argentine Republic, and the Empire of the Brazils. The capital, Asuncion, has 48,000 inhabitants.

We have already stated that Major O'Reilly had informed us that he "was not at Castel Fido." We thought it superfluous to add, which, however, we now do at the gallant Major's request, that we were in error in saying that he "ran away" on that occasion—an error which we regret.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

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ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Vining. On Monday and during the week (Saturday excepted), the "POOR NORSEMAN," in which Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wiggin will appear. After which, "FORTY WINKS," Mr. George Vining and Miss Herbert. To conclude with the Fairy Extravaganza, entitled "PRINCE ARABELL, or, the Fairy House," the Misses Frieson, Miss Frank Matthews, and Mr. Frank Matthews. On Saturday for the Benefit of Miss Herbert. Commence at half-past 7. Acting Manager, Mr. J. Kinloch.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square.—S. THALBERG has the honour to announce that, after a long absence, he will give a MATINÉE at the above Rooms on Monday, June 6th, 1862. The only occasions on which S. Thalberg can possibly appear in London this season are limited to Four Matinees, which will take place as follows:—Monday, June 6th; Monday, June 10th; Saturday, June 20th; Monday, July 7th. The Matinees will commence at half-past 2 o'clock. S. Thalberg will present his last Works, entitled *The Art of Singing applied to the Piano*, and *Les Solécismes de Faussette*, consisting of Twenty-four Fencer Musician's Stairs subscription for the four Matinees, three guineas; stall ticket, one guinea; unreserved tickets, half-a-guinea. Full prospectuses, stalls, and tickets may be had at the principal libraries and musicellers, and on application to Mr. Thalberg's Secretary, Hanover Square Rooms.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. W. G. Cousins's Grand Concert, with full Orchestra and Chorus, Thursday Evening, June 5. Artists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, and the Orpheus Glee Union; Messrs. Joachim and Piatti; Professor Sterndale Bennett; Messrs. Harold Thomas and W. G. Cousins. Professor Sterndale Bennett's Exhibition Ode under the composer's direction, and Auber's Grand Exhibition March will be performed. Also a new MS. Overture by Mr. W. G. Cousins, and Beethoven's Grand Concerto Concertante for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with orchestra. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s., at the Hall and the Music Warehouses. Stalls may be had of Mr. W. G. Cousins, 24 Cavendish Street, Portland Place, W.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The next CONCERT will take place on Monday Evening, June 2, at St. James's Hall. Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; violin, Herr Laub (his first appearance this season); violoncello, Signor Piatti. Vocalists, Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Mendel. For full particulars see Programme. Stalls, 10s.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 20 New Bond Street.

MR. SIMS REEVES at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, June 2, when he will sing Beethoven's "Adelaide," and a new Song "Summer is Sweet," by G. Lake. Pianoforte, Herr Pauer; Violin, Herr Laub; Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Sofa Stalls, 10s.; Balcony, 5s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 20 New Bond Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—EXTRA MATINÉE, TUESDAY, June 3, St. James's Hall, at quarter-past 3.—Violin, Herr Laub; violoncello, M. Davidson (first time), pianista, Mlle. Casseville (first time), and N. Rubinstein. Vocalist (first time), Mme. Honoré from Moscow. Quartet, Haydn; quintet, Handel; trio in D, Beethoven: solo—violin, violoncello, and pianoforte. Visitors' tickets, 5s. each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell & Co., Olivier, Ashdown & Parry, and Austin, at the hall.—J. ELLIS, Director.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Third Concert takes place on Friday Afternoon next, June 6, when Mr. Halle will play the Sonatas Op. 11, Nos. 1 and 2, Grand Sonata Op. 27, and the celebrated Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, containing the Funeral March. Vocalist, Mr. Santley; accompanist, Mr. Harold Thomas. To commence at 3 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission:—Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s. At Chappell & Co., 20 New Bond Street; Cramer & Co., 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Chappell, and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

THIS DAY, FRIKELL'S PRIZE TRICKS.—Herr Wiljalba Frikel will repeat his wonderful Tricks, the Bowls of Fish and a Hat which produces everything, in his entertainment of Natural Magic at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every Evening at 8 (except Saturday). Saturday Afternoon at 3. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co., 20 New Bond Street, and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

LESSON in MAGIC, by WILJALBA FRIKELL.—By desire, between the first and second acts of Herr Frikel's Entertainment, this day, he will give a lesson in Magic, and explain some of his popular tricks of sleight of hand. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, HAVERSTOCK HILL. For Children of both Sexes, and from any part of the Kingdom. 2933 Children have been admitted since 1847. 281 are now in the Schools. 63 have been received during the year 1861.

The NEXT ELECTION will occur in APRIL. Forms to fill up for Candidates to be had on application. CONTRIBUTIONS are GREATLY NEEDED and very earnestly solicited to enable the Committee to maintain the present Establishment, as well as to be able to increase it. The next elections afford room for 400 orphan children, instead of 240, for which the Building was originally intended. To constitute a Life Governor, the payment is £10. and upwards: Life Subscriber, £5. Annual Governor, £1. 1s. and upwards: Annual Subscriber, 10s. 6d. All the accounts are open to inspection, and the Establishment is the gift of Government. Office, 33 Ludgate Hill, E.C., London. JOSEPH SOUL, Secretary.

GRAND EXHIBITION CONCERT AT EXETER HALL.
ON MONDAY, JUNE 9, will be given a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** at Exeter Hall, when the whole of the Music performed at the Opening of the International Exhibition will be reproduced on a scale of great magnificence, under the direction of Mr. Reeves.
 The Orchestra and Chorus will comprise 400 Performers, selected from the Band of the Royal Italian Opera and the Members of the Vocal Association.
 The Programme will include Meyerbeer's "Grand Exhibition Overture," Anber's "Grand Triumphant March," and Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Inauguration Ode" (the Poetry by Alfred Tennyson), in addition to a Miscellaneous Concert of a very attractive character, in which Madlle. Lemmon-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Ancher will appear.
 Further particulars will be daily announced.
 Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. and 1s.
 To be had of Messrs. & Sons, Holles Street, and the principal Music-sellers.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDEN, South Kensington.
 Admission during JUNE:—Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays (except 11th), and Thursdays (except 28th), One Shilling. Fridays, Half-a-crown. Saturdays, Five Shillings. Seeds daily.
 Wednesday, 11th. Second Great Show, 7s. 6d., by Tickets previously purchased, Five Shillings. Next Election of Fellows, June 6.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—AMERICAN PLANTS during the month of June.—June 11th. **SECOND GREAT SHOW.** June 12th. **ROSE SHOW.** June 13th. **THIRD GREAT SHOW.** During the Season the Inauguration of the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1861 is expected to take place. September 10.—**AUTUMN SHOW.** October 8, 9, and 10.—**INTERNATIONAL FRUIT, VEGETABLE, ROOT, CEREAL, and GOURD SHOW.** Bands will play daily from May to October. The next Election of Fellows, June 6.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-eighth Annual Exhibition is now open at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Seven. Admission is. Catalogue, 6d.

HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE, the Finding of the Saviour in the Temple, commenced in Jerusalem in 1864, is now on view at the German Gallery, 106 New Bond Street. Admission 1s.

FRITH'S NEW PICTURE, "The Railway Station," is now on View Daily to the Public at the Fine Art Gallery, 7 Haymarket, next door to the Theatre, between the hours of 11 and 6 p.m. Admission, One Shilling.

MR. JOHN LEECH'S GALLERY OF SKETCHES in OIL, from subjects in "PUNCH," will be open on Monday and every following day from Ten till dusk at the **EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.** Admission One Shilling.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, 114 NEW BOND STREET.
MESSRS. DICKINSON'S Eighth Annual Exhibition of Miniatures, Drawings, and Life-size Pictures, based on Photographs, is now open. Admission by address cards.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.—The ANNUAL MEETING of the MEMBERS will take place THIS DAY. The CHAIR will be taken, at THREE O'CLOCK, p.m., by the PRESIDENT, the Right Honourable the EARL of CLARENDON, K.G.
 By order of the Committee,
 ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary.

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION and CONGRES INTERNATIONAL de BIENFAISANCE.—London Meeting, June 1862.—The SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, in conjunction with the Third Session of the Congress International de Bienfaissance, will take place in London, the 14th to the 18th of June.
 The opening Meeting of the Association will be held in Exeter Hall on Thursday, June 14th, at 8.30 p.m.
 The Departments will meet at Guildhall on Friday, June 14th, Saturday, June 15th, Monday, June 16th, and four following days, at 11 a.m., for the reading of papers and discussions. Evening discussions on special subjects will take place at Burlington House, on Friday, June 6th, Monday, June 8th, and three following evenings at 8.30 p.m.
 The opening Meeting of the Congress International de Bienfaissance will be held at Burlington House on Monday, June 9th, at 11 a.m. The Congress will meet at Burlington House, at 11 a.m., on each day during the Session.
 A General Session for the Association and Congress will be held on Saturday evening, June 7th, in the Palace at Westminster. The Refractory and Refugee Union will give a soirée to the members of the Association and Congress, at the Manchester Square Rooms, on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th of June.
 A Soirée will also be held at Fishmongers' Hall, on Thursday, the 12th of June.
 Other arrangements for the entertainment of the members are in progress, and will be shortly announced.
 Any person (lady or gentleman) becomes a member on payment of one guinea, and receives a ticket of admission to all the Meetings and Soirées.
 Every member is also entitled to a volume of the Transactions for the year.
 Ladies may join the Association, as members, as above; or they may obtain, on payment of half-a-guinea, a ticket of admission to the Meetings and Soirées.
 Tickets and programmes may be obtained at the offices for the Meeting, 12 Old Bond Street, W., Guildhall, E.C., and at 3 Waterloo Place, W.

VACATION TOUR.—Five Weeks in Germany.—A Gentleman proposing to spend the Midsummer Vacation in Germany with some Pupils (ages about 17) to whom a practical knowledge of the Language is necessary, wishes to meet with one or two others to join them. The Advertiser has resided some time in the Country. References given and required. Address, T. H. E. E. Cavell, Esq., 5 Gray's Inn Place.

WOOLWICH, BANDMUSK, THE LINE, and THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.
TWO CAMBRIDGE MEN, experienced in Tuition, receive TWELVE PUPILS, who are reading for the above, and prepare them thoroughly and quickly. Terms Moderate. Apply for Prospectuses, &c. to M. A. 6, Angel Terrace, Brighton, S.

MAJOR R. C. BARNARD, B.A., of Emmanuel College, Cambridge (1861), F.R.S., and late of Her Majesty's 1st Regiment, receives PUPILS to be prepared for the Universities, the Army, Civil Service, or for Public Schools. Geography and Botany form part of the course of instruction. Cambridge House, Bay's Hill, Cheltenham, May 29, 1862.

FRANCE.—PRIVATE TUITION for the Army, Oxford. Public Schools, Civil Service, &c.—A Married Clergyman, Graduate of Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS. Great Facilities for Modern Languages. Sea-side Residence. Address, Rev. M. A. Gray, Pavilion Lefevre, Rue Sainte-Adresse, Havre, France.

BONN, ON THE RHINE.—Dr. BREUSING PREPARES a limited number of PUPILS for the COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS for the ARMY or NAVY. Address, Dr. Breusing, 167 Coblenzer Strasse, Bonn, Rheland, Prussia. Reference, Rev. E. Thuring, Uppingham, Rutland, and others. Prospectuses may be had at Messrs. DOLAN & Co., 27 Soho Square, London, W.

HOME EDUCATION.—A Lady well connected, possessing the necessary qualifications, with considerable experience, desires occupation as Resident GOVERNESS. Her method of instruction is calculated to ensure progress while it is pleasing to the child. She teaches good French, First Class Preparatory Music, &c. Good References. A reasonable salary required. Address, T. E. W. H. Young, Bookbinder, 10 Bishopsgate Street.

A FRENCH LADY, perfect in ENGLISH and ITALIAN, and conversant with GERMAN, having just terminated a SEVEN YEARS' ENGAGEMENT as TRAVELLING COMPANION, desires a similar appointment, or to enter a GOOD FAMILY as FINISHING GOVERNESS. Highest References as to Morals, Disposition, and Attainments.—Madame T. Lovegrove's Library, Motcomb Street, Belgrave.

HIGH CLASSICS, &c.—An Oxford Clergyman, of scholastic position, reads with Gentlemen desirous of qualifying themselves for University Honours, Scholarships, or High Competitive Examinations. Mathematics, if desired, by a Cambridge Graduate in Honours. Arrangements may be made for Vacation Reading. Address, Rev. M. A., 4 Warrington Gardens, Maid Hill, W.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, Great Malvern.—The Public is respectfully informed that the IMPERIAL HOTEL will be OPENED in July next for the Reception of Visitors. The tariff will be so arranged that families and gentlemen may occupy suites of apartments or single rooms, at a fixed charge per day, including attendance, and may either take their meals privately or at the table d'hôte, public breakfast, tea, and supper. A wholesome wine and spirit establishment for the sale of wines and beverages of the highest class will be attached to the hotel. Warm, cold, vapour, douche, running sea, and shower baths, will be obtainable at all times in the hotel, a portion of which is set apart for those baths. A covered way will conduct the visitors direct from the railway platform to the hotel.
 GEORGE CURTIS, Manager.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—THE BEULAH SPA, Upper Norwood, within 20 minutes' walk of the Crystal Palace. Terms for Patients, from Three Guineas. Particulars of Dr. RITTERBANDT, M.D. VISITORS can have all the advantages of a FAMILY HOTEL, including the use of the Public rooms. Private Sitting Rooms, if required. Terms from 2l. Guineas per week.

HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction. Consultation in London, at the City Turkish and Hydrophic Bains, 6 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

TO RAILWAY ENGINEERS.—A Civil Engineer of considerable experience, having excellent Testimonials, wishes for employment under an experienced Engineer. Permanent Work preferred. A Pension would be given. Address by Letter, J. C. Carr, Esq., Mr. White, 28 Fleet Street.

LONDON HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Great Ormond Street, W.C.—The Board of Management earnestly beg Support from the friends of Homoeopathy, and especially from the many amongst the wealthy who, having themselves derived benefit from it, are generously disposed to confer similar benefits on the sick poor. Contributions gratefully received by the Members of the Board or the Honorary Secretary.
 7th April, 1862. RALPH DOUGLAS, Hon. Secretary.

V.R.—ROYAL TURKISH BATHS, BLOOMSBURY.
ALWAYS READY. Public and Private. Cards free by post, 20 Queen's Road, Russell Square, W.C., near the British Museum, Moit's, and the Foundling Hospital.
 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

CHINA, LAMPS, LUSTRES, TABLE-GLASS.—Greene & Niner having arranged to DISSOLVE their PARTNERSHIP on 30th June, are SELLING OFF their Stock at very Reduced Prices. 120 Regent Street, 6 Baker Street, Portman Square, 10 & 17 King William Street, City; 3 Pavilion Buildings, Brighton.

THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS in the KINGDOM is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has FOUR LARGE ROOMS devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads, from 12s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with Dovetail joints and patent locking, from 16s. 6d.; and Cots, from 12s. 6d.; handsome Ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 25s. 6d. to 60s.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for SILVER.—THE REAL NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than 25 years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when Patented by his patent process of Electroplating and is beyond all comparison the very best article next to sterling silver that can be employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible test can it be distinguished from real silver.
 A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and durability as follows:—

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Lily Pattern.	King's or Military, &c.
12 Table Forks	113 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Table Spoons	113 0	2 4 0	2 10 0	2 15 0
12 Dessert Forks	4 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
6 Egg Spoons, 6d. each	6 0	6 0	6 0	6 0
3 Sauce Ladles	6 0	6 0	6 0	6 0
1 Gravy Spoon	6 0	6 0	6 0	6 0
1 Salt Spoon, 6d. each	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 0
1 Mustard Spoon, 6d. each	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	2 0	2 0	2 0	2 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
1 Butter Knife	2 0	2 0	2 0	2 0
1 Soup Ladle	10 0	10 0	10 0	10 0
1 Sugar Sifter	3 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
Total	9 10 0	13 10 0	14 10 0	16 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., 23 15s. Tea and Coffee Sets, Dish Covers and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liqueur Frames, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CUTLERY warranted.—The Most Varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all Warranted, is on Sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at Prices that are reasonable only because of the largeness of the sale.

	Ivory Handles.	Table Knives Per Dozen.	Dessert Knives Per Dozen.	Carvers Per Pair.
2 1/2-inch Ivory Handles	12 0	10 0	10 0	4 0
2 1/2-inch Fine Ivory Handles	12 0	10 0	10 0	4 0
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles	10 0	10 0	10 0	4 0
4-inch Fine Ivory Handles	10 0	10 0	10 0	4 0
Black Horn Rimmed Shovels	20 0	20 0	20 0	10 0
Doitto with Silver Ferules	40 0	40 0	40 0	10 0
Doitto Carved Handles, Silver Ferules	20 0	40 0	40 0	10 0
Nickel, Electroplated, or any pattern	20 0	40 0	40 0	10 0
Silver Handles, of any Pattern	40 0	40 0	40 0	10 0
Bone and Horn Handles.—KNIVES AND FORKS PER DOZEN.				
White Bone Handles	11 0	8 6	8 6	4 0
Doitto Balance Handles	11 0	17 6	17 6	4 0
Black Horn Rimmed Shovels	12 0	10 0	10 0	4 0
Doitto Very Strong Riveted Handles	17 0	14 0	14 0	4 0

The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks, in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish carvers.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his limited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 29 Oxford Street W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Furry's Place; and 1 Newman's Move, London.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—CARPETS and MUSLIN CURTAINS.—Visitors at the Exhibition are invited to inspect SEWELL & CO.'S Superior Axminster CARPETS (Class 25), acknowledged to be one of the richest combinations of design and colouring of English production. Sewell & Co. have now on sale at their Establishment, a large stock of Axminster, Brussels, Turkey, and Persian Carpets; also a choice assortment of Lace and Muslin Curtains, French and English Chintzes, Brocades, Cordedines, &c., and a stock of Tapestries at Two-thirds of their value.
 SEWELL & CO., Compton House, 45 and 46 Old Compton Street, and 45 and 47 Frith Street, Soho.

ICE, REFRIGERATORS of every kind and variety, for preserving Ice, and cooling Wine, Water, Butter, Cream, Jellies, and Preservatives of all kinds. PATENT PISTON FREEZING MACHINES, for making and moulding Dessert Ice in one operation. WATER CARAFE FREEZERS; or, CHAMPAGNE FRAPPE PAILS. IMPROVED FREEZING POWDERS, and everything connected with Freezing, of the best, cheapest, most modern, and reliable character, and particularly adapted for Hot Climate and Ships' Use. PURE SPRING WATER ICE, in BLOCKS, delivered to most parts of Town daily; and packages of 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and upwards, forwarded any distance by Goods Trains, without perceptible waste. Freezing Tanks.
 WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 140 STRAND, LONDON.

OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA, established upwards of thirty years, is the best and only certain remedy ever discovered for preserving, strengthening, beautifying, or restoring the Hair, Whiskers, or Moustache, and preventing them turning grey. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 6s., and 12s., by C. A. OLDRIDGE, 30 Wellington Street, London, W.C., and by all Chemists and Perfumers. For Children and Ladies' Hair it is most efficacious and unrivalled.

PERFECT HEALTH RESTORED, without medicine or expense.—DU BARRY'S delicious health-restoring HEVALENTA ARABICA FOOD cures the most inveterate indigestion, the heaviest and nervous debility, as it removes all disorders from stomach, lungs, liver, nerves, and restores perfect digestion, sound refreshing sleep, healthy lungs and liver, to the most enfeebled, without purging, inconvenience, or expense, as it acts six times its cost in other remedies. Sold in Cansisters, 11s., 2s. 6d., 12s., 20s., 30s., 40s., 50s., 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., 100s., 110s., 120s., 130s., 140s., 150s., 160s., 170s., 180s., 190s., 200s., 210s

THE ALBION MARINE MORTGAGE and INSURANCE COMPANY.

Registered provisionally, pursuant to the Joint-Stock Companies' Act, 7 & 8 Vict. esp. 110, and to be conducted on the principle of Limited Liability.
Capital £1,000,000, with power to increase, in 40,000 Shares of £25 each.
(Of which it is proposed to call up £300,000, or £5 per Share.)
Deposit 10s. per Share on application, £2 per Share on allotment, and a further Sum of £2 10s. per Share Six Months after commencing Business.

GEORGE SEYMOUR, Esq. (of Messrs. Seymour, Peacock, & Co.), London and Liverpool.

THOMAS HAGGER, Esq. (Director of the County Fire Office), Queen's Road, Gloucester Gate.

J. P. KIMBELL, Esq. Merchant and Shipowner, Gloucester.

CHARLES LINGLEY, Esq. Ship Builder, 21 Cannon Street, E.C.

Captain MARK J. LAY, Esq. Pen Court, and Alpha Road, Regent's Park.

CHARLES MORRIS, Esq. (Director of the Bank of Australasia), London.

W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH, Esq. 68 St. George's Road, S.W.

CHARLES REYNOLDS, Esq. Alhambra Chambers, Lombard Street, E.C.

M. D. RUCKER, Esq. 116 Fenchurch Street.

THE LONDON JOINT-STOCK BANK, Princes Street.

Messrs. DEVAN & WHITTING, Old Jewry.

Messrs. JOSHUA HUTCHINSON & SON, 15 Angel Court.

Messrs. BRAGG & STOCKDALE, 6 Throgmorton Street.

Secretary (pro tem).

J. JACKSON, Esq.

Temporary Offices of the Company—27 LEADENHALL STREET, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of making temporary Advances on Shipping Property, Freight, &c., by way of Mortgage, Assignment, or otherwise, and for general Marine Insurance.
An extensive field is open for a Marine Insurance Company with a Mortgage Department attached, and conducted upon sound principles, by thoroughly practical men of business.
All Shipowners to whom Advances are made will be required to insure Ship and Freight with the Company.

The Mortgage business alone of the Company will yield large returns to the Shareholders. This class of business has been hitherto limited to private Capitalists, who have realized large profits—the Interest, Bonuses, Commissions, &c., being regulated more by the necessities of the borrower than by any sound Commercial system.

Loans on Shipping Property have been in a great measure neglected by Bankers and Public Bodies, owing to their want of experience of the nature and value of the security offered; hence the necessity of practical knowledge on the part of the Directors in making the Advances. This Company will grant Loans to the Owners or Builders of British Ships lying in British Ports requiring temporary assistance, and, through carefully selected Agencies in those parts of the world with which we are in rapid communication, advance Money upon Bottomry Bonds, in case of accidents to Ships insured in the Company, thus avoiding the heavy loss generally sustained by this mode of security, and materially assisting the Underwriting Department, by the reduction of average claims.

The benefit to be derived from a union of the Mortgage and Insurance Departments is thus clearly apparent. Insurance Companies increase yearly in public favour. Their greater safety and the promptness and liberality of their settlements become every day more appreciated. The profits generally realized by the Established Marine Insurance Companies have considerably enhanced the value of their Shares.

Thus, the value of a Share in
The "Alliance" £25 0 0 paid, is about £28 0 0
" "Indemnity" £25 0 0, increased by bonus to £29 0 0
" "London" £12 0 0 " " 12 0 0
" "Marine" £15, increased by bonus to £16 0 0
" "Ocean" £5 0 0 " " 5 0 0
" "Royal Exchange" (Stock) £100 0 0 " " 100 0 0
" "Thames and Mersey" £2 0 0 " " 2 0 0

The principle of Limited Liability will be extended to all Insurances effected with the Company, by the introduction of the usual clause limiting each Shareholder's responsibility to the amount of his Shares.
Applications for Shares must be accompanied with a Deposit of 10s. per Share in part payment of £2 10s. If no allotment be made, the Deposit will be returned without deduction.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained of the Brokers, and of the Secretary, at the Temporary Offices of the Company, 27 Leadenhall Street, London.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1820.

JAMES GORDON MURDOCH, Esq. Chairman.
HENRY DAVIDSON, Esq. Deputy-Chairman.
Thomas Geo. Barclay, Esq. Frederick Field, Esq.
James C. C. Bell, Esq. George Field, Esq.
Charles Cave, Esq. George Hilbert, Esq.
Edward H. Chapman, Esq. Samuel Hilbert, Esq.
George Wm. Colman, Esq. Hon. Newman Hunt, Esq.

PROFITS.—Four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the Profits are assigned to Policies every fifth year. The assured are entitled to participate after payment of one premium.
BONUS.—The Decennial Additions made to Policies issued before the 4th of January, 1842, vary from £78 to £16 1s. per cent. on the sums insured, according to their respective dates. The quinquennial Additions made to Policies issued after the 4th of January, 1842, vary in like manner from £18 17s. to £1 1s. per cent. on the sums insured.

PURCHASE OF POLICIES.—A Liberal Allowance is made on the Surrender of a Policy, either by a cash payment or the issue of a policy free of premium.
LOANS.—The Directors will lend sums of £50 and upwards on the security of policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

Insurances without Participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.
Prospectuses and further information may be had at the Chief Office, as above; at the Branch Office, 16 Pall Mall; or of the Agents in Town and Country.

HAND-IN-HAND INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.—Established 1866.

DIRECTORS.
The Hon. William Ashley.
T. Palmer Chapman, Esq.
Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir Ed. Cust.
John Lettison Elliot, Esq.
James Esdaile, Esq.
John Gurney Hoare, Esq.
ADVISORS.—Col. the Hon. P. F. Cust. James Esdaile, Esq., Gordon E. Surtees, Esq.
BANKERS.—Messrs. Goslings & Sharpe, 19 Fleet Street.
PHYSICIAN.—Thomas K. Chambers, M.D., 33 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.
STANDING COUNSEL.—The Hon. A. J. Ashley, 39 Lincoln's Inn Fields.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Nichol, Burnett, & Newman, 11 Carey Street.
ACTUARY.—James M. Terry, Esq. **SECRETARY.**—Richard Bay, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
This office offers a low scale of premiums to non-members without participation in profits, or a member's scale of premiums with an annual participation in the whole of the profits after five annual payments.
For the last 15 years participation in profits has yielded an annual abatement of 32½ per cent. on the premiums of all policies of five years' standing.

The effect of the Abatement is thus shown:—

Age when insured.	Sum insured.	Annual Premium for first Five Years.	Reduced Annual Premium.
20	£1,000	£21 15 0	£10 7 3
30	2,000	33 8 4	15 7 7
40	3,000	101 17 6	48 8 0
50	5,000	223 15 0	108 13 4

If instead of taking the benefit of a reduced payment, a member chooses to employ the amount of the abatement in a further insurance, he may, without increasing his outlay, take out an additional policy at the end of the first five years, on an average, more than 40 per cent. on the sum originally insured, and at the end of the second five years of above 20 per cent. more, with further additions afterwards.

The following Table presents Examples of the Amounts to be thus obtained at the existing rate of profits:—

Age when insured.	Original Amount of Policy.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of first five years.	Amount, with additions, by re-assuring at end of second five years.
20	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
30	2,000	2,857	3,379
40	3,000	4,272	4,965
50	5,000	7,131	8,023

As a third alternative a member may have the amount of the abatement converted year by year into a proportionate bonus payable at death.
Insurances effected before the 31st June next will participate in profits in the year 1867.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Insurances are effected at the usual rates.
By Order of the Board, **RICHARD RAY, Secretary.**

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION, 81 King William Street.
E.C.—The Directors of this Association hereby inform the members that the premiums falling due in the year commencing on the 1st of July next from the FIRST SERIES of members will be reduced 25 per cent., and the premiums of those members of the SECOND SERIES who have been assured for seven years will be reduced at the rate of 7½ per cent.

EDWARD DOCKEE, Secretary.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

—Chief Office: 73 and 74 King William Street, London, E.C. Capital—One Million (with power to increase). Chairman—F. W. Russell, Esq., M.P. Deputy-Chairman—Mr. Alderman Dakin. Insurances are granted by this Company on the most Moderate Terms upon every description of Property, both at Home and Abroad. Prospectuses and every information obtained on application.
W. F. CLIREHUGH, General Manager.

THE ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

6 New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London. Established 1823.

DIRECTORS.
ROBERT HODDULPH, Esq. Chairman.
WILLIAM ROUTH, Esq. Deputy-Chairman.
ALFRED KINGSFORD BARBER, Esq. Sir ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart.
HENRY BARNETT, Esq. Rear-Admiral ROBERT GORDON.
The Hon. E. FLEWELL BOUVERIE, Esq. CHARLES MORRIS, Esq.
EDWARD CHARINGTON, Esq. GEORGE KETTLBY RICHARDS, Esq.
FASCOE CHARLES GLYN, Esq. AUGUSTUS KEPPEL STEPHENSON, Esq.

ADVISORS.
JOHN HOWELL, Esq. **JOHN WILLIAM STILWELL, Esq.**
HENRY ROBERTS, Esq. **RICHARD TAYLOR, Esq.**
PHYSICIAN.—WM. EMMANUEL PAGE, M.D., Oxon., F.R.C.P.L., 11 Queen Street, May Fair.
Surgeon.—BENJ. TRAVERS, Esq., F.R.C.S., 40 Dover Street, Piccadilly.
Secretaries.—HENRY YOUNG, Esq., 16 New Broad Street.
ACTUARY.—JAMES JOHN DOWNES, Esq., F.R.A.S.
SECRETARY.—ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Esq.

Advantages—Mutual Assurance.
The lowest rates of Premium on the Mutual System.
The whole of the Profits divided among the Policy-holders every Fifth Year.

Assets amounting to £1,300,500
During its existence the Society has paid in Claims, and in reduction of Bonus Liability, upwards of £3,000,000
Reversionary Bonuses have been added to Policies to the extent of £1,365,000
The last Bonus, paid in 1860, which averaged 2½ per Cent. on the Premiums paid, amounted to £475,000
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